

MATHILDA P BENNION

IMPROVEMENT ERA



AUGUST, 1924

Vol. 27

No. 10

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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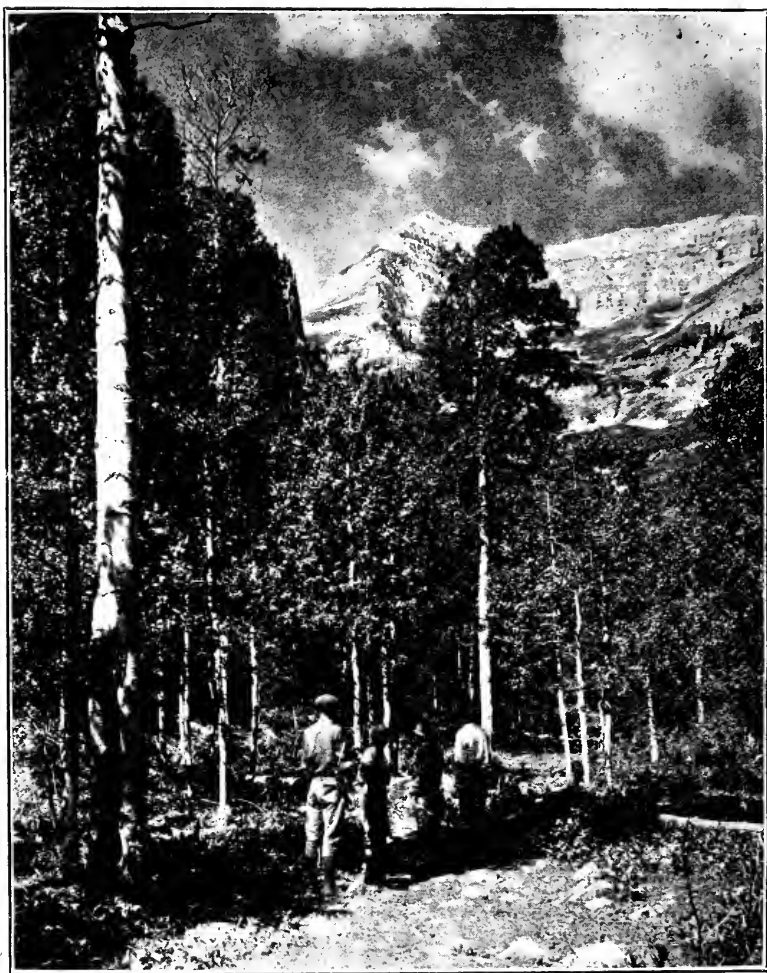
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Upon the Hillside

In tender skies the beauty lingered still;
The west was shafted with the aureate light;
The carmine lay on water, cloud and hill,
East's dusky purple told of coming night.
And where we sat by a gray boulder's side,
The soft winds reached us from a mountain glen;
In shadowed vales where first the day had died,
The far lamps gleamed to mark the homes of men,
A blackness crept beneath the clustered trees,
The star-lit vault was like unuttered prayer,
And swift the moments gathered up love's fees,
We must depart, we might not linger there;
Ah, fate had taught me well within the past,
Those moments were too fair, too sweet, to last.

—ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



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Here Liberty is born in the soul by the very surroundings. Here we walk among the diversified beauties of Nature, and in her gardens pluck wild flowers from among the tangled coppice. On the high mountains and the hillsides, in the woods and fertile valleys, we revel in the spirit born of Love and Liberty. Praise God from whom these scenes and blessings come.—A.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVII

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USE SIMPLE WORDS

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

One of the first things that a young writer or speaker should learn, is to write or speak in a way to be clearly understood, avoiding the use of long words where short words will answer the same purpose. Language was not given to conceal thought, but to express it—the diplomatic Tallyrand to the contrary notwithstanding; and while there are occasions when polysyllabic terms are best, as giving weight and dignity to what is uttered, it more frequently happens that words of one or two syllables are to be preferred, as being more forceful and more clearly indicative of the idea to be conveyed.

My father, who was an accomplished linguist—though he seldom if ever spoke in public or wrote for the press—used to tell of a man who drove up to a wayside tavern and saluted the loitering stable-boy in this manner: “Extricate my quadruped from the vehicle; stabulate him; provide him with an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and when the aurora of dawn makes his appearance in the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality.”

The story goes on that the stable-boy, after staring saucer-eyed at the author of this bewildering display of verbiage, darted into the house, exclaiming: “Master, there’s a Dutchman out here wants to talk to you.” And yet the man had spoken good English, saying in substance: “Feed my horse and I’ll pay you in the morning.” But why didn’t he put it that way? The story, of course, is an exaggeration, as most stories are, but it illustrates the point I wish to make.

A similar anecdote is related of a college professor who, seeing a farmer at work near his house, said to him: “You are excavating a subterranean channel, it seems.” “No, sir,” replied the farmer, “I am only digging a ditch.” He had understood the question per-

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fectly, but took occasion to administer a mild reproof to the pedantic professor.

Sydney Smith, the famous English wit, said of a certain nobleman, a countryman of his, that if he were asked to define "pepper" he would reply: "Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly pulverized seed of an oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure, rather than affords nutrition; and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man."

"When shall we learn," says Dr. William Matthews, "that the secret of beauty and of force, in speaking and in writing, is not to say simple things finely, but to say fine things as simply as possible?"

The Latter-day Saints are a plain people, and like Nephi of old they "delight in plainness." The speakers and writers that appeal to them most strongly are those who, while manifesting the gifts and graces of oratory and literature, are at the same time simple in style and readily understood. Such men as Parley P. Pratt and George Q. Cannon, for instance; correct in diction, elegant when necessary, but at all times simple and plain. Contrast their pure Saxon-English with a sentence like this, taken from a discourse that I once heard: "Whether we contemplate the protoplasmatic or the bioplasmatic theory of creation, we are still confronted by the same insuperable hypotheses." A perfectly grammatical sentence, fully embodying its author's idea, but difficult for the ordinary mind to comprehend. Savoring more of the laboratory than of the pulpit, it suggests the prayer offered at chapel service in an Eastern college by a learned professor of mathematics, who startled his hearers by asking Divine Goodness "to enable them to know of its length, its breadth, and its superficial contents."

A would-be improver of the Bible proposed to amend the Savior's beautiful utterance, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," so that it would read: "Contemplate the lilies of the valley, how they advance." But the amendment failed, and the line remains unchanged.

Another genius of the same sort, in a so-called *Liberal Translation of the New Testament*, changed the simple touching words: "Jesus wept" (John 11:35), into, "Jesus, the Savior of the world, overcome with grief, burst into a flood of tears." "Puppy!" exclaimed bluff old Dr. Johnson, himself a user of big words, throwing down the book in a rage. Well for the "liberal translator" that he was not present. Had he been, says Dr. Matthews, Johnson would have thrown the book at his head.

Of late, many of our young speakers and writers have formed the habit of testifying to "the truthfulness of the Gospel." As if that divine plan, "the power of God unto salvation," needed any such

commendation. Being Truth itself, the Gospel is necessarily true, as much so as white is white, a self-evident proposition, needing no assertion. But this is not the particular point that I wish to stress. My argument is, that "truthfulness" is too big a word to use in this connection, and that the monosyllable "truth" is preferable. Don't testify that the Gospel is truthful, as if it were a small boy whom you were patting on the head and praising for his candor and straightforwardness; and don't testify that the Gospel is true; but declare "Mormonism" to be the Gospel, the word and work of God, and testify to its divine authenticity.

I well remember an address by Judge J. G. Sutherland, for many years a leading member of the Utah Bar—an address delivered before the Zeta Gamma Debating Society, an adjunct to the University of Deseret. The University then had its home in the old Council House, on the site now occupied by the Deseret News Building, and there the Society met. The judge was advising the young debaters, of whom I was one, to use simple language, and to give point to his advice and show us the advantage of short words over long ones on all ordinary occasions, he said: "Suppose a building were on fire down the street, and the crowd was rushing to the scene of the blaze; would you hear them shouting, 'conflagration! conflagration! conflagration!'" The laughter that greeted him almost drowned the answer he gave to his own question. "No," he added, "they would be shouting 'fire! fire! fire!'—the shortest, and most forceful word that could be employed to describe what was taking place."

A friend of mine, a newspaper man, wielded a powerful pen, and at times made his readers thrill and tremble under the dynamic force of his diction. At other times his writing was almost grotesque, because of his propensity for using large words in preference to small ones, and adhering too strictly to his rule of employing the fewest words possible—a plan not always safe. He was the author of this verbal monstrosity: "Such a course is frequently ultimately if not immediately financially profitable." It set the town laughing, and a local wit on a rival paper put it at the head of his rebus column, and under it the words, "Answer next week." The joke would have been pointless—in fact, non-existent, if the clumsy, jerky sentence had had its stiff joints limbered up with a few monosyllables, making it read something like this: "Such a course, if not immediately profitable in a financial way, is frequently so in the end."

I went with a fellow missionary, who was somewhat given to grandiloquent speech, to visit a child afflicted with fits. Said my companion to the anxious mother of the little one: "Are the fits increasing in frequency and severity?" She stared at him and timidly asked: "What did you say, sir?" He repeated: "Are the fits increasing in frequency and severity?" She continued to stare in bewilderment, until he got down from his high perch and said in simple phrase, "Is your child getting worse?" Then she knew what he meant,

and answered accordingly. The family doctor might have understood the first question—though he probably would have smiled inwardly when hearing it—but the mother, whose “education” had been “neglected,” was not equal to the task.

A speaker or writer should always study his audience before addressing it either by tongue or by pen. “Know thyself” is no more important an injunction, than to know those to whom you are making your appeal. If you want to reach their hearts, don’t shoot over their heads.

Long words, of course, have their legitimate use; and there are times when nothing else can be depended upon to produce the effect desired. The following lines from the poet Byron afford an illustration. Describing the British army on the field of Waterloo, he says:

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve, in Beauty’s circle, proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day
Battle’s magnificently-stern array.

Note the power of the last line, and especially that six-syllabled compound word, “magnificently-stern.” How could it be spared without weakening the whole verse? Short words alone would not have done justice to the theme. But short and long, intermingled, tell the tale with clearness and force.

In most cases, however, short words are preferable to long ones. My dear old friend, John Jaques, the author of that splendid hymn, “O say, what is truth?” once said to me: “If the choice is between two words, take the shorter one, if it tells what you want to say.” How often that wise hint has served me. I give it now to my readers as the veteran journalist and poet gave it to me.

And let me add, in conclusion, a gem of good counsel from the pen of a former United States Senator, Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, an author and an orator of note: “So, be as brief as you are simple, as plain as you are fair, and, content with a good job well done, stop when you are through.”

A Rose to the Living

“A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling life’s infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.”

NIXON WATERMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE M. I. A.— THEIR SLOGANS*

BY ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

I feel that this splendid audience ought to be an inspiration to anybody. Just to look into your faces is sufficient to make one feel that life is really worth living. I think that you do not know how well your services have been appreciated by those who come to you as visitors from the headquarters of the Church, but I would like you to know that there is nothing that gives those who are directing affairs greater joy than to see the youth of Zion keeping the commandments of our heavenly Father, and profiting thereby.

This morning, as we look around the world,—and we can look around it, and we can listen to it, we live in a wonderful age—there comes to us by the magazines, pictures of every part of mother earth that is inhabited, and we visit with our father's children by seeing the homes that they live in, observing the character of the vegetation, and also the contour of the earth. It is marvelous! That was not possible a hundred years ago. And more than that, we can sit down in our homes, or in somebody else's home—I would have to—where there is a radio-receiving outfit, and listen to the voices of men and women hundreds of miles away. Only a few weeks ago I was in Cedar City, in the home of one of the stake presidency. He has a boy fourteen years of age, and in the evening the young man said to me: "Brother Smith, would you like to listen in a while?" I said: "I would." Then he explained to me that we could listen to different parts of the country. In about ten minutes I heard speeches or songs or discourses or music of various kinds, from Alberta, Canada, one of the Eastern states, and from Los Angeles and Oakland, California. And we listened, and the marvelous thing to me was that the boy, only fourteen years of age, had assembled that instrument himself, and was able to reach out those long distances and listen to what was going on.

And so, as I said, as we look around over the world today, we see what is going on. But this is what I would like you to remember: There is no part of it where the people are so blessed as they are in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We have all that they have. We have the telephone, the automobile, the phonograph, the radio, the steam train, and I might go on enumerating hundreds of things that come to us for our comfort. We have all those things that are enjoyed by the world, but we have another radio that is more powerful than any of them, and we, in this wonderful organization, have at our head one who is in communication with our heav-

*Opening address at the June M. I. A. Conference, June 6, 1924.

enly Father. So that we have all that the world has, and in addition we have Latter-day revelation that brings to us the truth from our heavenly Father. And I think we ought to be grateful, and I can hardly express myself, sometimes, because of the emotions that well up in my soul with gratitude to my Father in heaven that I am permitted to live in so marvelous an age.

But with all these blessings there comes to us responsibility. Now I know you will be interested in knowing some of the things that the Mutual Improvement organizations of the Young Men have been trying to take care of during this year. We have increased our subscription to the *Improvement Era*, until it is larger than it has been before. There was an increase in our general fund, not very much, but an increase, a movement in the right direction. Our membership is about the same as last year. When you think that this morning you; here in this room, probably two thousand people assembled, are representing more than one hundred thousand of our Father's choicest sons and daughters, isn't it worth while, isn't our work something to be grateful for? Think, it is now nearly fifty years since Brother Junius F. Wells went out and began the organization, under the direction of President Brigham Young, of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association,—next year will be our semi-centennial year and I think we ought to have a real celebration on that year—but in the meantime we will go right on with our work. The M Men and Boy Scout program have made splendid growth. The fact is that the class work in the Senior department has suffered somewhat, as a result of the impetus given to the M Men's work. I am sure you will notice this morning on either side of this stand, Boy Scouts, part of the Mutual Improvement Association. These boys represent more than ten thousand of the sons of the Latter-day Saints who are being taught to do things worth while; being taught to use the faculties with which our Father has blessed them, not to bring sorrow and distress into the world, but to bring joy, for they are being prepared to devote themselves in such a way that this world will be better for their living in it.

We have a splendid recreation committee, and I wonder if you know the hours, and the days, yes, the weeks that have been devoted by this splendid band of voluntary workers, at the headquarters of the Church! They labor unceasingly, and I would feel that we were ungrateful if we do not express our appreciation of the dignified, thoughtful, faithful manner in which they have taken up this department of our work that was assigned to us by the Presidency of the Church. Of course, our representative in the field is with you frequently, Brother Claude C. Cornwall, and I hear, from time to time, splendid reports of his work among you, and I am sure he will be glad if you will make it possible for him to do his best as he comes out to you. And it will not be long—in the near future—we will have to add another worker to that department of our service. And so we keep moving forward.

Mutual Improvement is what its name implies, onward and upward, in the service of the youth of Zion—those who, tomorrow, will be the men and women to take care of the affairs of this great country that we live in.

Our activity program has been kept to a very high standard, and we are delighted with the cooperation of the stakes of Zion in this particular work. Our leadership in the schools of Zion has never been so good. I would like to congratulate both the Young Men's and Young Ladies' organizations on that fine, splendid type of manhood and of womanhood, who take the lead of our work in the stakes of Zion, and I would like to compliment them on the ability they have manifested in surrounding themselves with those who, in many cases, are no less capable than themselves.

It is a wonderful thing to work. Some people can only work when they are leading, but I want to tell you the principal part of the work is done by the wheel horse. And so, while we compliment the leaders, we are not unmindful of the wheelers. And so, brethren and sisters, this morning we have assembled in the beginning of this great convention. I regret that many of the leaders of the Church are not here with us, President Heber J. Grant and many of his associates, are officers of the Brigham Young University, at Provo, and several members of our Board are there. It so happens by miscalculation that they set their Commencement Day exercises today instead of yesterday and President Grant wrote us a letter expressing his deep regret that, because of his being President there, he was unable to be with us here, and voiced the hope that no such conflict would ever occur again. But these brethren will be with us during many of the sessions of our conference, and so, as you glance over the program you will see those who have been assigned to particular work, and you will find in the stand, and in the audience many of those whom you honor and respect as the leaders in Zion.

Two years ago I was on a train in England, and a gentleman said to me, when he learned that I was from Utah,—I had not had time, I had not told him, I was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a splendid thing for me to do, as soon as I get a chance, because I save some people considerable embarrassment thereby, he said: "Well, are there any of those 'Mormons' left out in that country?"

And I smiled, and looked at him, and said: "Yes, a few, I am one of them."

He said: "Well, really, are there many of them left?"

I said: "Yes, a few of them have left that particular part of the country and they have swarmed out into Canada and Mexico and the other states of the American Union. The Latter-day Saints, as they are properly called, may be found in every state of the American Union. If you will examine your *Literary Digest*, for the year

1921, you will discover that that Church made more rapid progress in the increase of its membership than any other Church in America."

And so, brethren and sisters we are growing, and, as Sister Tingey has said, not only is the Church growing, but Mutual Improvement is growing and it will continue to develop in proportion to our faith and to our good works.

There is in our land today a spirit of lawlessness that is alarming to all thoughtful people. It is not our duty to go and make arrests. It is not our duty to carry into effect the laws by acting as peace-officers, but I take it that it is the duty of every man and every woman who is worthy of the name, Latter-day Saint, to give such information to the officers of the land as will enable them to enforce the law and put aside the wickedness that has developed so rapidly since the great World War. We not only believe in honoring the law, we not only believe in obeying the law, but we believe in sustaining the law, and that can only obtain by individual service. I call the workers in the cause of Mutual Improvement to the standard of loyalty, to the laws of the land. Wherever possible, let us exercise an influence that shall make the evil-doer and the law-breaker fearful of violating the rules that govern civilized society in the communities in which we live. This is our country, our heavenly Father gave it to us, and he expects each of us to show our appreciation of our birthright by helping in every possible way to purify society, and to develop those traits of character, and those virtues, that will enrich the community and prepare an environment for those who are not growing up and those who are yet unborn.

We have had a wonderful time in the few years past, as an organization, growing, spreading and multiplying, and this morning we have come here, not in a boisterous way, as Sister Tingey has so beautifully called to our attention, but we are here as sons and daughters of our heavenly Father, each created in his image, each honored by him in being permitted to be identified with his Church; each placed with such a blessing within our reach that no one that has ever lived upon the earth has been blessed to surpass us. Think of it, each of us. It is not necessary that we be the president of a stake, or the bishop of a ward, or the superintendent of an organization, in order to claim at the hands of our heavenly Father the choicest blessings that can come to any of his children. He has so arranged his great work that every individual who embraces his truth and lives the laws bestowed upon us for our guidance, may sit at his right hand, may be in his presence, may go on developing throughout the ages of eternity under his direction, with the companionship of those we love. Can you think of anything more desirable? Can you think of anything more to be sought after, than to be received by our heavenly Father when life's labor is complete, with the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We have had the choicest companions in the world here. Do you realize, this morning, you men and women, who are in this house, that you are in the presence of the best men and women to be found in this world? There are none better, taken as a group. It is impossible to go anywhere in the world and excel the company that is here today. Why do we say that? Because you have cast your lot with the fold of the Master, you have turned your faces towards righteousness, you have sought not only to set your own homes in order, but to exemplify the teachings of the gospel of our Lord in the communities in which you live. You, my brethren and sisters, are a large portion of the leaven that our Father has placed in the earth to uplift and to save mankind.

In order that we may have something definite to work out for several years, we have had different slogans. You will find them on the last page of your program, and I am going to take time to read them and let them pass through your minds quickly:

"In the name of our God we will set up our banner."—Ps. 20:5.

We stand for

A sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday.

A weekly home evening.

State- and Nation-wide prohibition.

Thrift and economy.

Service to God and Country.

Spiritual growth through attendance at Sacrament meetings.

The non-use and non-sale of tobacco.

Loyal citizenship.

A pure life through clean thought and action.

Divine guidance through individual and family prayer.

Think of the slogans of the past, and think if it is possible for you to hastily resolve in your minds the good that has resulted from these. Our slogan for this year is not unlike the other slogans, it is no less important than the other slogans. It voices one of the great commandments that our heavenly Father gave to Israel on Mount Sinai: The commandment: Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

So this splendid gathering of men and women, sons and daughters of him who arose and reigns on high, let us, during the coming season, exercise an influence among the boys and girls of our community and instil in them a desire to bless themselves by honoring their fathers and their mothers. This is your work, brethren and sisters, in the Lord's great work. We are permitted to have part in it. It is the Lord's guidance that we seek. It is the inspiration of his Holy Spirit that we are desirous of receiving. There is only one way that we can obtain that, and that is in the manner pointed out by him: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Think of our part.

And, this morning, in conclusion, I do beg of you, my brethren and sisters, that you will appreciate, and sense fully the wonderfui

gifts of our heavenly Father, your mountain homes, your valley homes, your plain homes, your heritage, and the grand flag that represents the liberty of the greatest Nation upon the earth, and represents the combined wisdom of the very men whom our Father says he raised up to give to us the Constitution of this favored land. When we see that starry flag, men should uncover their heads in reverence, and our sisters should evidence their appreciation of it. Wherever we go, let us keep in our hearts this thought: this is the land of Zion, dedicated for the blessing and the uplift of mankind. And among the soldiers in the ranks, among those whom our Father has called to his service to bring about the millennium, are this wonderful group of men and women known as the Mutual Improvement Association, workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Let us be worthy of the blessings of our heavenly Father, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Father's Gifts

(Commemorating the 100th anniversary of President Canute Peterson, a pioneer of 1849, born May 13, 1824.)

The passing of one hundred years since father dear was born,
Has brought its clouds with rifts of blue, like that sweet May-time morn.

His blessed life to us has given rich gifts of sterling worth,
Which prove, as clearer light we have, the greatest things of earth.

The love for home and parents dear marked well his early youth;
His honest toil, his given words, reveal the love of truth.

A sincere faith in God's own word, and courage to obey
Were his,—they sanctified his life, though hard and long the way.

His loyal heart, in times of stress, gave strength and hope and cheer;
Rich wisdom, in his loving words, dispelled grim doubt and fear.

His trusting faith to heal the sick was oft made manifest;
Through true humility, sincere, his faith was richly blest.

How brave the heart of father dear! Warm strength of courage flowed
In veins of manly dauntlessness, his acts the hero showed.

His thoughtful judgment—sound and clear—proved insight deep and true,
The cautious words of counsel given like father's—there were few.

Around the hearth, his warmth of love, his smile and kindly care
Were richly felt in wealth of cheer, by all assembled there.

The greatest gifts he left to us were not in wealth or fame,
But rich endowments of his life, and truly honored name.

CARRIE TANNER

A NAVAJO INDIAN FIRE DANCE

BY LUCY G. BLOOMFIELD

Only once in a long time is this great dance or celebration of the Navajos staged. For one reason it takes about \$500 to finance it, and then, too, it is only held in the late autumn months when there is the least possible danger of an electric storm. The lightning at this time is to the Navajo the voice of the great Spirit in reproof of the motives for the fire dance.

To begin with there must be a patient. The curing of some ailment real or imaginary is the first factor in the proceeding.

I will tell you of the one I was privileged to attend, it being the best and largest that was ever known to be held in this part of the reservation. I have since attended others but they were not half so excellent or large. There has only been four of the fire dances held in this section of the reservation in the last twelve years since we came to live in Navajo land.

In Navajo land, as well as in most places, "Money makes the mare go." The first I heard of the dance was a petition for financial assistance. I contributed \$5 which pleased the big medicine men very much and straightway I received an invitation to attend.

I find on inquiry that the last night of the nine is the best. There are nine nights of the celebration, and verily they have worked themselves up to great frenzy by the last night. The poor patient is about "all in," and spends the time she is not on show, in sleeping.

This particular fire dance was held in order to drive from the body of a young married girl the Chinde or devil with which she was possessed. The bear and coyote are to the Navajo, reincarnated bad Navajos who are punished by being born in a bear or coyote body. They have a strange belief that they then have the power to possess any person with a devil if they do not like them.

Well this unlucky girl was on the trail through the woods to visit her sister, one day, when she met a big brown bear in the trail. It rose on it's hind legs and would not move, so, of course, the maiden did the moving. She was quite certain that it raised it's front paw and pronounced a curse upon her and her unborn child.

Yanapah and her relatives were very much worried for fear the baby would never arrive safely and, to tell the truth, when it did arrive it was a frail mite and the mother did not gain strength as she should. Cause a-plenty for the fire dance. To drive from the mother and babe the Chinde with which the bear had possessed them.

So, a council was held in a deep canyon and the date for ceremony decided on.



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"A Council was held in a deep canyon"

The last and great ninth night happened to be on the 31st of October. Incidentally Halloween night, and very fitting for the strange and weird scenes we were to witness e're another sun arose.

Into a lumber wagon, seventeen strong, we piled, like sardines in a can, only set on end, and away, we jolted just at dusk to witness the performance. Three grown, white people and seven children in all. The balance of our crowd was Navajo neighbors.

The coyotes howl at us as we pass, jolting along. After a few miles of jolting we are not all on end but rather settled. Our dear little Navajo nurse girl has settled quite appropriately into the arms of her dark eyed lover. The country teacher has gathered some of her younger flock under her wing and they are dozing contentedly.

To please my dark friends, I made an Indian squaw costume; black velvet shirt, with a blue-flowered calico skirt with eighteen widths in it. The more widths the more stylish the skirt. I borrowed from our trading store the pawns of our Indian customers. Strapped around my waist I had a large silver belt. Bracelets and strings of beads completed the trim. Of course, my hair I did into a wad, low on my neck, and tied it with twisted yarn. A big, fringed "Pendelton" shawl completed the layout. Baby Ruth (one year old) had to go along because there was no one home to leave her with. So I made a "Papoose" or rather "Away" out of her and



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A Navajo Indian Hogan

strapped her on my back all of which pleased my dusky friends very much. In fact I felt like quite a side show, the way they gathered around to approve, comment and criticise me. One old friend says, "That's my belt," and another, "Give me my beads I want to look pretty, too." The final verdict was that I was their friend or I would not dress like them.

But I am getting ahead of our journey. As the road makes a turn around a hill we catch sight of hundreds of small camp fires around which are moving figures—Navajos, just waiting for the performance to start.

As we near the place we are met by a guide who shows us where to stop our wagon. Out we pile, and then commence to "see things."

The first we see is an immense corral made of cedar and juniper boughs and trees. It is built in a circle about as large as four city blocks with entrance, or gate, always to the east. The walls of the corral are about ten feet high and very densely made, so it cannot be seen through. In the center of the corral is an immense "wood pile." The wood is trimmed up trees, all set on end and slightly sloping toward the center. The pile is solid and about forty feet in diameter. Mostly composed of pitch pine.

Soon after our arrival the fires were lighted. Around the inside of the corral there are fifteen small fires and the audience is seated, or rather squatted, around much like an amphitheatre. The night is



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A Scene in New Mexico. A Council in the Desert

very chilly and the small fires feel comfortable until the big fire gets to going.

There are more than fifteen hundred Navajos in attendance.

At a signal from the Chief, or Natana, every one ceases talking; and, while the fire is getting under way, the Natana gives his big talk. It is almost unbelievable but every word of the Chief can be heard plainly all over the corral. Every one is so quiet.

He is a grand old man and is dearly beloved by every one, both red and white.

He exhorted all present to put faith in the power of the medicine men that they may be able to cure the sick maiden. He then gave them a rousing good sermon, on the kind of lives they all should lead, telling them to be industrious, build up their herds, take good care of their children, and teach them to be honest and industrious. He exhorted the weavers to make better blankets, so they will get more for their rugs. He told them to set a good example of honesty and truthfulness before their children, so the tribe would grow better and stronger. In fact, he delivered an excellent sermon in Navajo.

By this time the small children are all sleepy, so they are tucked to bed in the wagons.

We are shown to a good place on the side of the fire, where the smoke will not blind us, and are given sheep skins to sit on. We find we are favored by being very close to the patient and the eight medicine men.

By this time the fire is simply roaring, and the whole corral is so warm one thinks of Dante's *Inferno*. The quiet still maintains; and, aside from the roar of the fire, not a sound is heard, till, hark! from somewhere in the distance we hear the long low whistle of announcement. As it grows louder and nearer we hear a low rumble or chant. Then all of a sudden the dancers are before us. Twenty-four of them, and a dazzling sight they are. As they enter the gates of the corral, they give a mighty war-whoop. It might not have been a war-whoop but was surely a mighty whoop, enough to curdle one's blood.

The performance is on, and is more than pen can describe. Twenty-four tall young braves with their hair flying in the wind, their naked brown bodies painted in gorgesque figures, with white clay, and each decked with a girdle of bright colored ribbons fastened to various kinds of skins are there, all have fox tails tied behind which switch and wave in a very wierd manner. Every one is a little different, since the fancies of each led all to deck themselves. The old fashioned "gee-string" was of course indispensable. From the belt or girdle were hanging many bright ornaments. Some fastened small looking glasses or mirrors to their bright belts which sparkled most beautifully in the fire light.

The first performance was a dance in a running line around the fire. Counted the bravest and the strongest, is the one who can get the closest to the fire, and touch the flames with his feathered wand, or arrow. The bravest this time almost paid for the honor with his hair which caught on fire and great was the snatching and patting till it was extinguished.

Unlike most all other dances of the Navajos, the fire dance is not monotonous. The performance changes about every hour all night.

My memory will not serve me well enough to attempt to describe all the changes, so I will tell of those which impressed me most.

After the twenty-four had danced and sung till it seemed they must drop from exhaustion, they danced out of the gate into the darkness, and in a few minutes a new performance was staged.

During the interval between performances the eight medicine men took up the chant and with inverted baskets on top of which they held a notched stick, they made a peculiar rumbling noise by rubbing up and down on the notches all the time singing the chant.

The patient was then led out in full view of the audience and seated on a spread robe. The medicine men gave her a very strange treatment. Two of them work in unison over her while the others continue to chant. With eagle feathers they touch her head then point the feathers at a certain star in the sky and give a loud whoop. This is repeated by touching her arms, back, stomach and legs, and finally ending with her toes and a mighty whoop, all of which is to frighten the Chinde from her body. They believed that the real



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A Shepherdess and Her Flock, New Mexico

Chinde is in the mother and that the babe is only affected by drinking the mother's milk and that as soon as the mother is all right the babe will be also, which is perhaps quite a true philosophy after all.

The girl is again led back to her sheep skin and is asleep in a wink.

The twenty-four dancers then return this time dancing in pairs, and singing a different chant.

Around one o'clock a halt is called and every one feasted on corn bread, flourcakes fried in grease, boiled beef, and coffee with sugar.

After the remains of the feast is cleared away, the dance commences again. Some of the changes are very graceful and pretty, while others are fearful and make one think of barbarism.

One of the changes I remember distinctly was of a young lad, around twelve years of age, and a very tall brave. They danced literally covered with ribbons, beads, feathers, and shining trinkets. They had on caps of orange, and dyed angora wool still on the hide. The caps were fashioned with horns on each side and looked very hideous. In their hands they carried a sort of framework made of criss-crossed willows and from every cross was hanging feathers and bright ribbons. One in each hand they would hold the wands high above their heads and dance and bow to each other very gracefully, all the while keeping time to the chant of the eight medicine men.

As the fire burned low, it was replenished from time to time, and the fifteen small fires were kept going for warmth. Save for the occasional cry of a tired baby, the silence prevailed.

Only one lady, or squaw, is permitted to take part in a fire dance. She took part in one of the changes that can best be described as a Virginia reel or old fashioned square dance, or quadrille.

I talked to the Navajo maiden, for whom the dance was held, whose name is Yanapah Hushclish Eyazzie, and asked her if she was pretty tired and she said, "Oh yes! awfully tired, but I am going to get well now, and that will pay for all the loss of sleep and the expense, and my husband and father and mother will be glad, and I can raise my baby."

The performance ceases only with the rising of the sun when all wend their way home, or hogan-ward, tired and sleepy, but well paid for all the effort of going.

I cannot conclude my narrative without adding the fact that either through their great faith, or Mother Nature's help, the maiden gained strength, and in the course of a few weeks was well and happy, and her baby is as fat as only a Navajo papoose can become. And that is almost round.

Toadlena, New Mexico

A Tryst

Loftily the sun, in a hazy sky
Sinks in the West, and the day's gone by;
Rich and red are the beams that rest
On the mossy hillside's craggy crest;
And I in this wooded glade
A tryst with my God have made.
Where else in life could I find
A rest for my tired mind,
Save in the solace sweet
Of this tryst with my God that I keep.

Where are my friends of yesteryear,
Kinsfolk, and souls to my own soul dear?
Gone, as the showers on an April day,
Refreshing for an hour, then passed away.
But the friendship of God is ever the same,
And daily, yes, hourly, I breathe his name;
For though I may live so sinfully,
It cannot be said, I live thanklessly.

Where are my friends of yesteryear,
Friends that my own heart held so dear?
Gone with the jolly crowd that throngs,
New faces seeking, new games and new songs,
Few indeed are the ones who care
To sojourn long on the quiet paths where
I trek with my God oft alone.

Belleisle, N B. Canada.

ALAN C. REIDPATH.

SEEN BY THE EYE OF FAITH

BY ALBERT E. BOWEN

[The alumni of the Brigham Young College, Logan, gathered at a banquet there on May 31, 1924, to cherish and foster the memories of their school days and to recall the beginnings of that leading Utah educational institution; and also to revive the fundamental thoughts underlying its establishment by the great founder of Utah. The author responded to the toast: "Our Founder" in the words of this eloquent, historical address.—*Editors.*]

On Wednesday, December 31, 1884, there appeared in the *Deseret News* the following announcement:

The *News* acknowledges with thanks the following invitation from Logan:

The dedication of the Brigham Young College will take place at 12 o'clock (noon) on New Year's Day, January 1, 1885, and the presence of yourself and ladies is desired.

There will also be a complimentary ball given in the evening at Reese Opera House, to which you are cordially invited.

We congratulate this institution on the completion of so fine a structure, and are gratified to see the advancement made toward putting the college on the high plane which its founder intended it should eventually occupy.

That date marks the completion of the first building owned by the College—the brick building on the east—but it does not mark the beginnings of the College.

On the 24th day of July, 1877, President Brigham Young conveyed to Brigham Young, Jr., Wm. B. Preston, Milton D. Hammond, Moses Thatcher, C. O. Card, Geo. W. Thatcher and Ida Ione Cook, 9,642.07 acres of land, to be by them held in trust for the use and benefit of the Brigham Young College in Logan City, the rents, issues and profits thereof to be used for the benefit of the College.

The conception of the founder concerning the scope and purpose of education is reflected by the following language used by him in the deed of trust:

The beneficiaries of this College shall be members in good standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or shall be the children of such members and the students who shall take a full course shall be taught, if their physical ability will permit, some branch of mechanism that shall be suited to their taste and capacity, and all pupils shall be instructed in reading, penmanship, orthography, grammar, geography and mathematics, together with such other branches as are usually taught in a college of learning, and the Old and New Testament, the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, shall be the standard text books, and shall be read and their doctrines inculcated in the College, and, further, **no book** shall be used that misrepresents or speaks lightly of the Divine Mission of our Savior, or of the Prophet Joseph Smith, or in any manner advances ideas antagonistic to the Principles of the Gospel as it is written in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants.

From this it will be noted that all were to be trained in reading, orthography, grammar, geography, mathematics and such other branches as are usually taught in a college of learning; all were to be trained in reverence for the Redeemer of the world and God's word was to be heard. In addition to all that, such as were physically fit were to be taught in some branch of mechanism suited to the taste and capacity of the individual.

This latter provision marks more of a departure from the usually conceived function of the school than the provisions which had gone before. It was nothing new that the perpetuation of religion should be one of the moving reasons for the founding of a school. It had been common enough that schools should be founded primarily upon the religious motive. Harvard was founded in 1636 "that the light of learning might not go out, nor the study of God's word perish." But perhaps even the religious motive had been rather the providing of a place where those designed for the ministry might acquire the learning that would enable them to read the Scriptures, than the providing of an opportunity for the laity as well to acquire that independent power. The provision for teaching pupils in some branch of mechanism—merely his way of voicing the necessity as he felt it for industrial education—shows at once that Brigham Young conceived the true purpose of education to be a preparation to meet and live life in all its phases. School was not to be a place where boys and girls were divorced from life, but a place where they met life and prepared for all of its tasks; the school was to be a place leading directly to the door of the shop, or the home, or to the gate of the farm. But that is not all. In his anxiety for this practical preparation for the every day business of life the founder of the school did not lose his sense of proportion nor the measure of relative values.

Certain basic, mental and spiritual training was to be given to all, but mechanism was to be taught according to taste and capacity and physical fitness. It is not necessary to a fulness of life that all should be artisans, mechanics, or specialists in the professions; these all are necessary to the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of man and can be ministered by one to the other. But it is indispensably necessary to every individual that he have the mental awakening, the spiritual quickening which make him responsive to the needs of the human race and the ultimate purpose in man's being. These no one may depend upon another for; they are primary, individual necessities, and Brigham Young recognized that a school must provide for them. He has given us a most sound and comprehensive definition of education. "Education," said he, "is the power to think clearly, the power to act well in the world's work, and the power to appreciate life."

It was his purpose therefore to provide a system of education which should put men into possession of all these powers.

Brigham Young was a lover of learning and of culture in all their manifestations. He was himself of too heroic a mold ever to be a hero-worshiper, but in-so-far as he may be said to have had reverence for any earthly achievement, he probably venerated above all else in men the superior power and grace which came to them by reason of superior scholastic attainment. It is common to humanity that one looks with something akin to reverence upon those of his fellows who have been given the fruits of life for which his own soul has hungered, but which life has in a measure withheld from him. Brigham Young was born and reared in pioneer conditions, he knew privation and hardship. He is said to have had but 11 days of schooling in his life. He had, moreover an acquisitive mind. He loved truth and was ever in search of it. It is but natural, then, that he should have found comfort and satisfaction in the conversation and society of men of culture and learning. It is but natural, too, that he should have been anxious to put opportunities for learning and culture in the way of the people whom he led.

Brigham Young was the kind of a man who would be educated if there were no schools and no books, but he was far too wise to argue from this, as a lesser man might have done, that schools are not necessary.

In nothing did Brigham Young demonstrate his claim to leadership and greatness more completely than in his anxiety and solicitude for putting the means of learning in the way of his people. This matter seems to have weighed heavily upon his mind. From a volume of the Contributor we read, "President Young being very desirous to have the school (The Brigham Young College) organized at once, had made arrangements for the purchase of the Logan Branch of Zion's Mercantile Institution, which was to be fitted up for a college, but not living to consummate this plan, no further attempts were made to organize the college until September, 1878, when rooms were rented in the City Hall." He had fitted up and conducted a private school for his own family to which many of the neighbor's children were admitted. He had fostered the establishment of other schools including the State University, but it was impracticable, and probably impossible for the people in remote parts of the territory to come to these schools, hence he determined to take the schools to the people, thus evidencing his solicitude for the welfare of all. During the journeyings of his people to the West schools were kept up at their temporary resting places. Arrived here, his advice was to build schools before churches where circumstances would not permit of both.

He seems to have had a plan for three schools to be maintained for the Church—one at Salt Lake City, for the endowing of which he made provision in his will, one for the South at Provo, and one for the North at Logan.

A Republic must depend for its success and perpetuity upon

the intelligence of its citizenship. Only an enlightened people can be a free or self-governing people. He desired his people to become a truth-loving, intelligent, self-governing people, inspired to right living by an understanding of and a veneration for principles of eternal truth.

The value of the work done in this respect by Brigham Young cannot, perhaps, be fully appraised. We do know that these schools have exerted a profound influence upon the communities where their influence has been wielded and upon the lives of numberless individuals. We who are gathered here tonight, who have studied here, believe that this institution has performed worthily and well the mission it was intended by its founder to fill; we believe the good it has done has justified all that it cost and that this school has fulfilled the hopes and expectations of its great founder.

There are those here tonight whose memories carry them back to the day, 46 years ago, when the Brigham Young College rented rooms in the City Hall and offered one year of instruction. These have watched the institution change from being a homeless tenant to being the owner of this superb site and these splendid buildings. They remember that, however elementary we may think its work then was, the Brigham Young College represented the highest educational ideal that the community knew. It invited young people to a training a little better than was elsewhere available. It inspired them to further achievement.

What was true in the beginning continued to be true as time advanced. Year by year, as conditions generally improved, and our elementary schools improved so that they could do much of the work at first done by the college, the college in its turn grew, eliminating what the grades could do, keeping ever a little ahead, inviting always a little further. Thus the Church, including its school system, has been in the state a forerunner; it has been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

The happy part about it all is that the people have responded to the invitation issued to take part in the increased advantages offered. As the College raised its standard both as to entrance and graduation requirements, the demands for its increased work increased. When the high school was put upon a four-year basis the number seeking that much training was greater in the ratio of eight to one than the number originally demanding one year of more elementary training.

Now suppose there had been no Brigham Young College. Would there have been that same advance in desire for improvement? Clearly not. Improvement is like everything else; the desire for it has to be inspired before it can take place, and it takes opportunity to suggest possibility and to beget desire. Therein lies the great difference between great leaders, such as Brigham Young, and the ordinary rank and file of humanity. No one can have a desire for that which his mind has not conceived. To the great leader is vouchsafed the

power of apparently original conception, whereas to the ordinary individual conception comes from some tangible presence offering suggestion. Thus it is that the presence of that which leads to and suggests worthy conceptions, begets noble desires and these in turn find expression in exalted achievement. Take away the elevating and inspiring influences from a community and that community degenerates. Bring back the inspiration, let it be represented by a tangible, concrete opportunity, and you will surely find people struggling to attain.

Blessed is that community which has in its midst influences which impregnate its atmosphere with the germs of noble impulse, which its youth must breathe. The Brigham Young College has radiated such influence; it has surcharged the atmosphere with incentive to better living and more worthy achievement. Young men fifty and a hundred miles away felt its inspiration and have been drawn to it, and they in turn have blessed others. The sphere of its influence is as extensive as the wanderings of those who have attended it. Every man who has established his home and lived here has been blessed by it, whether he has ever crossed its threshold or not, because it has raised the tone of the communal life about, and has made his home a better place to dwell.

The whole business of a school is to make man, and man make communities and states and nations. Perhaps the most important thing a school does for the individual is to put him into possession of his own powers, to introduce him to himself. God gives us our talents, but it is left to us to put them out to usury and increase them. Young people are usually not conscious of their own powers. They do not know their own possibilities. The school which does its duty by its attendants discovers to them the dignity of their own being and day by day puts them into consciousness of their own strength. It extends their horizon, gives them a bigger vision, and teaches them to see the real work of the world, and their relationship to that work. In the language of Brigham Young, it imparts to them "the power to think clearly, the power to act well in the world's work, and the power to appreciate life."

If this school has been the means of developing one great man, of giving the awakening impulse to one great life, it has justified its existence and has rewarded its founder, for the life of one great man is worth more in the world than the cattle on the thousand hills. The history of the epoch-making periods of the world's advancement is the story of the lives of the men who have dominated those epochs. In Cromwell's time the King of France said to his great minister, "Shall we interfere in the troubled affairs of England?" "No, Sire" was the reply, "we will not interfere in England for a great man is there arisen." So, too, it might be said that the periods in the lives of nations that have been shameful and disastrous, have been

those periods characterized by a poverty of strong men. During the middle years of the 18th century, England suffered humiliation and disaster at home and abroad. Then arose William Pitt, the great commoner, and led his nation to victory. His name became a name to conjure with. Its very mention struck dismay into the hearts of England's enemies. During the progress of his triumphs a continental contemporary exclaimed, "England has at length brought forth a man." What would be the history of Europe during the early years of the 19th century if you were to blot out the life of Napoleon? How could there have been a reformation without a Luther? What would have become of the Revolution without our own Washington? What would be the history of Utah if you were to take from it the life-work of Brigham Young?

In the dark hours of suffering and distress, of poverty and want, he stood a tower of strength to his people. With that splendid poise of character which is the "last lesson of culture," he stood serene and calm, unmoved by the vicissitudes of time or the exigencies of occasion. Sustained by a faith at once simple and awful in its sublimity, he inspired courage, fortitude, and determination in the hearts and souls of his distressed and suffering people. Let me give you one single instance of the simplicity and the grandeur of that faith, of that splendid poise of character, which inspired his followers with confidence and fired them with zeal for the cause in which they believed.

The Armies of the United States were approaching the City, being sent here to harrass the people. With the memory of their previous drivings still fresh within them, with the burden of their past sufferings and distress still heavy upon them, one may well imagine the solicitude with which they viewed this new peril. They looked for guidance to Brigham Young. On Sunday, October 4, 1857, he walked into the meeting in the bowery and addressed the people in this language:

As but few can be in our offices to learn the news that is brought in, I will say that on the 2nd, Friday last, a messenger arrived with intelligence that the soldiers were going up Ham's Fork,—previous to that I had sent by Lt. Gen'l Wells a copy of the proclamation proclaiming martial law and ordering the troops not to come here. They treated it as I presumed they would. They say that they are sent by the President, are subject to superior officers, and intend to abide their instructions, and I expect that they will, until some other power checks their progress.

The brethren are well and the Spirit of peace and contentment rests upon them. They are doing their duties, living to and serving their God.

* * *

I do not know that anybody's heart burns, except it is to get a little nearer to our enemies; and for the troops to undertake to come in here, well, we are in the hands of the Lord our God, and he will overrule things just as he pleases. Many want to know what the result will be, and they want the Lord to give them revelation. Get revelation if you can. I have told you before, and I can tell you now, that the result will be that "Mormonism" will be higher and greater in power and influence than ever it was before. Our enemies will sink while we will increase in power and strength

and enjoy an influence that we never enjoyed before, and the Lord will have his own way in bringing about these things. I know that all will be made right, and an allwise, overruling Providence will bring us off victorious. He has led us to victory and peace and has given us power and influence that we can sustain ourselves, and I believe that it is the calculation of all to sustain themselves against all that can come to annoy, destroy, desolate and drive the Saints of God. God will fight our battles, and he will do it just as he pleases.

You know that it is one peculiarity of our faith and religion never to ask the Lord to do a thing without being willing to help him all that we are able, and then the Lord will do the rest.

Such a leader was Brigham Young. Can any wonder at the devotion of his followers? How could a people so led do other than succeed?

Bancroft, deducing some lessons taught by history, said:

That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving Power which is from the beginning hangs the world of the senses and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever affecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men, in their ignorance of causes, may think so. The deeds of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable Omnipotence, which plants its foot on all the centuries and has neither change of purpose nor repose. Sometimes, like a messenger, through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change, which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

What Bancroft deduced as a lesson of history Brigham Young saw by the eye of faith. But he did more. Bancroft had learned that "when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity * * * *"; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change, which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man. Brigham Young with a composure and serenity born of faith grown perfect, knew that all this was true with concrete reference to his own people and their cause. He knew that a fateful hour in the march of time had struck, and that it was in the Divine pur-

pose that his people should be preserved and their cause made triumphant. His very assurance and daring command our admiration.

Not only did he meet and overcome the troubles of the hour, but with the eye of a seer he looked far into the future, and laid the foundations for the development and perpetuation here of a liberty-loving, free and enlightened people.

We, gathered here tonight, are the beneficiaries of his wisdom and his vision. Here memories are wakened of the days when, conscious of our growing powers, and filled with the daring courage and hopefulness of youth, we dreamed dreams of worthy achievement and vowed vows of noble endeavor. Here we received our inspiration; here we builded our castles. It is fitting that now, on the eve of the anniversary of his birth, we pay tribute to our illustrious founder.

We like the man who faces what he must,
 With a step triumphant, and a heart of cheer,
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps the unfaltering trust
 That God is God,—that somehow, true and just
 His plans work out for mortals. Not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp. Better with love, a crust
 Than living in dishonor. Envies not
 Nor loses faith in man, but does his best.
 Nor even murmurs at his humble lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 To every toiler, he alone is great.
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.—Selected.

A Sabbath Reading

Soothingly, in the spirit of the day,
 In peace, in joy, control thyself.
 The hours are thine: their culture thine.
 It is a day divinely blest,
 While from mankind a universal prayer
 Wells up o'er all the earth;
 When hymns, in all the praise of love
 That voice and music both together give,
 Rise like a pleasant incense, and declare
 To God and angels man's fidelity.
 Yet give thy heart to prayer!
 Yet sing thy psalm of praise!
 Yet help the weak and timid in their faith!
 For we must bear each other's burdens
 Loving Christ, our Lord!
 And when the quiet moments, fading down
 Within the gloaming, merge into the night,
 Know thou, thyself, one day nearer heaven!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE SILVER DISC

BY DAVID HORATIO MORGAN

Two boys rode along a rocky trail in northern Arizona that zigzags in and out among the low cedars. Before them they drove their pack mules loaded with bedding and camp supplies. At a point where the trail forks and swings abruptly to the right and down the side of a long ridge descending from the very breast of Muscal mountain the boys drew rein.

The taller boy produced a watch from beneath his chaps, saying, "Dub, shall we go by Uncle Jake Corwin's place, water our horses and say hello?"

"Might as well, Sleepy," came the laconic reply, "he'll be glad to see even a yellow dog. He's lived in there alone ever since I can remember."

In the sun in front of the cabin snuggling under age-old cedars, two little girls and a lesser boy were playing. The table was set for company. Mud pies and cakes were heaped at every broken bit of china plate; stones and bits of sticks served as meat and vegetables.

There was a sag in the merriment—the guests were delayed. Above towered the mountains. Everywhere there were trees—a silent wilderness as God had made it. From the blue sky there came the solitary "gwkk" of a raven as he craned his long neck downward looking for bones to pick.

"I wish Mama would hurry and get well so that we could have something real to eat." So spoke the taller girl and she placed her thin hands where she felt uncomfortable.

The two young cowboys swung into the trail, leading the mules from among the cedars. At the spring they let the animals drink. A little way beyond stood the weather-beaten cabin sagging against a great boulder at one corner; the mud-thatched chimney just rising above the trees.

"Dub, I reckon we better not stop," said Sleepy, his gray eyes studying the cabin door. "It looks as if Uncle Jake had enough company already. I wonder who it is, and how did those kids ever get in here—it is thirty miles to Prescott."

They did not stop but as they rode slowly by they saw the thin pale faces and the big round eyes of the children. Through the open window upon a bed they saw the wasted face of the mother, and the sunken eyes looking in wonder out upon her children and the silent world beyond.

The boys were not bold although courageous; they were not audacious but, perhaps, shy. Had they stopped with their well filled

packs they might have relieved some of the suffering which they saw but did not realize.

"I wonder what has happened, I never knew Uncle Jake to take in anyone before, and there was a woman and three kids anyhow," Sleepy said, as he jogged along, his spurs jingling a tune.

"From what I saw it would take three to make one," was Dub's comment.

There was a clatter of horse feet behind them and the boys turned in their saddles half expecting to see some one from the cabin coming for them.

Nick Hoag rode up on a big sorrel his lariat coiled loosely over the horn of his saddle. He was a big rough man of domineering proclivities. His greeting would have been intimidating to a stranger but the boys knew him almost as much as they disliked him.

"Well, what are you young fellows doing in here, you are on my range?" he bellowed, addressing himself more to Sleepy.

"We're going back in here to gather the rest of the remnant of J P cows you sold me. That's the way we agreed isn't it?" Sleepy answered, his gray eyes narrowing.

"Well you don't need to go any farther for there's nothing in there. Besides you have already gathered more than you will ever be able to pay for, and you have another payment due next month."

He had sold the cattle in the first place believing that he would get a few payments in money and then the cattle back in default, but Sleepy had known this, too.

"Well, Mr. Hoag, if you are in a hurry for that next installment and will discount it, I will give you a check for it now," Sleepy drawled as though he had a million in the bank. There was a twinkle of victory in his eye.

When Nick Hoag had turned aside from the trail and the boys rode on, Sleepy said, "If I just had fifteen hundred dollars more I'd love to show it up under that fellow's nose and hear him howl how I was stinging him."

"The quickest way to get that much money is to just find it, or find something else that will sell. I haven't lost any cattle and am not looking for any money and I'm not going to buy a horse that I can't ride." Dub was always sour but he would have followed Sleepy up and down the equator just to be with him.

The boys rode on for some time in silence. They were getting deeper and deeper into the wilderness—sometimes following old game trails, or where the horses found better footing.

"The more I think of it, the more I want to get money enough to pay for these cattle as soon as possible," lamented Sleepy for he was thinking of Nick Hoag.

Finally Dub volunteered, "I reckon we are pretty close to where that old mine was lost."

Sleepy checked his horse and searching Dub's face for encouragement asked, "How would you like to take a look for it? They say it is here somewhere within ten miles, lost in a manzanita patch."

"Fine chance we would have of finding it—Uncle Jake has been twenty years trying it; besides there is no manzanita on this side of the mountain," Dub hazarded, impatient to be going on.

That's just why no one has ever found the Old Silver Disc—fire burned off the manzanita, we'll look in the cat-claw brush."

"Well, now, who said we would?—I'm on a cow hunt."

"Well, I don't much like to go alone but I am terribly in need of some money."

Dub considered this for a moment then consented. "I don't need any money but I am willing to take half. Lead on, you are no good as a cow-hand anyhow."

They rode through several patches of cat-claw brush and Dub was ready to abandon the new adventure. Climbing a rocky ridge and upon a little mesa they came to a dense growth of lodge pole pines and cat-claws. First tying up the mules the boys started to ride through but the bramble soon became so thick they decided to turn back. But the horses could not turn around. Dub was in the lead and finally fought his way through into an open space of about an acre. Here there was little brush but a luxuriant growth of mountain grass. In the center of the space was a mound of considerable size and Sleepy cried in excitement, "This is her; this is the Silver Disc as sure as shooting!"

They soon found the old shaft; the cedar timbers for the most part were standing well in place.

"I'm going down and see what's below," announced Sleepy after an examination revealed nothing of value in the mound of rocks.

"How you going to do it?" Dub inquired, "It's a long way to jump down and jump out again." He was always humorously contrary.

The hole some thirty feet deep was indeed spooky looking—dark, damp and littered with rotten timbers and rubbish.

A stout pole was thrown across the mouth of the old mine and a lariat tossed over.

"Fetch Ginger—he'll do better," directed Sleepy at the same time preparing to slide down the rope.

Dub shook his head belligerently but there was a ring of humor in his voice; "Now see here, fellow, you are not going to take any horse of mine down in that hole!"

"Go on with you!" drawled Sleepy as he let himself hand over hand down the rope, "You know I want him to pull me out."

It was some time before Sleepy's eyes became accustomed to the subdued light. Dub lying on his stomach looked down intently.

Almost instantly there was a fierce rattling and Sleepy yelled, "Oh boy, a rattler!"

"Can you see him; can you get a shot?" Dub asked as Sleepy drew a pistol from his chaps' pocket converted into a holster.

The moment was intense—Sleepy was in a precarious position. The old mine was ghostly, a harbor for snakes and bats. The air was damp and foul as a breath from the jumble of rotten timbers.

Sleepy cried, "I see him, a big old fat one! and he began maneuvering for deliberate aim.

Dub watched wide-eyed and breathless—his nerves were strung for Sleepy's safety. His attention was at the bottom of the hole—he had quite forgotten Ginger standing so very near. The horse, too, had scented danger and without warning gave a loud blast through his nose.

So sudden and unexpected was the thunder to Dub that he almost jumped into the hole, at the same time knocking down several stones which fell with a dull thud upon Sleepy and the soggy timbers below.

Sleepy yelled, "What you trying to do throwing stones down here—you can't kill him that way!"

Dub regaining composure saw the humor of the situation. "All right, go ahead and waste your ammunition, I won't try to help you!"

Presently Sleepy announced that there was a tunnel leading off to one side and that the whole place seemed creepy and crawly. Again taking steady aim he pulled the trigger.

Dub saw a stream of fire squirt out from the gun, followed by a tremendous roar as of a bursting cannon commingled with the flutter and flapping of mighty wings. Instantly all was hidden by a cloud of smoke, but out of the haze something shot past Dub's ear swift as a musket ball then another and another, and before he could get his head to safety one of the somethings struck him, plumb in the eye! It was about the size of your fist—soft and downy, clinging to his face. He struck. It squealed, bit him in the ear, and flew away. "Bats!" he growled in disgust.

Then Sleepy yelled, "Wah! wah!"

Without intimation of his own mishap, Dub shielded one eye and calmly called down, "Did you get him Sleepy?"

"Get him? I can't see anything! Wow; this hole is full of flyin' snakes. Wow; one's bitin' the back of my neck, and one's up my pant's leg!"

Dub chuckled at his companion's predicament for well he knew that Sleepy could take care of himself under any ordinary circumstances.

"Throw down something to make a fire to drive out this powder smoke so that I can see," called up Sleepy.

This was done and soon Dub heard Sleepy picking at the rock back in the tunnel.

Presently Sleepy stood at the bottom of the shaft holding some-

thing in his hat. "All right," he said, "pull me out." At the same time putting his foot into the loop on the end of the rope.

Dub was curious, "What have you in the hat, bat's eggs?"

"What do you know about bats?" Sleepy asked irritably.

Dub shielded his eye and with a grin said, "Oh, nothing," and drew back.

Fastening one end of the lariat to the horn of Ginger's saddle Dub mounted shouting, "Coming up!"

Sleepy had a hat full of specimens—native silver, tarnished and muddy.

Excitedly they tested the ore with their knives and Sleepy almost yelled with joy, "That's her; we've found her—the Silver Disc."

Then for the first time he noticed Dub's eye and asked, "What's the matter with your eye, it's almost shut and turning black?"

Dub evaded the truth saying, "Oh nothing; they most always get big that way when I get excited or scared."

"Yes, I know all about that, but what is that blood on your ear?" Then with a chuckle he added, "You ought to have one crawl up your pant-leg if you want to feel something funny."

Selecting the best from among the specimens the boys concealed them in chaps pockets and started back for the ranch. All interest in hunting cattle at the present was put aside; filing papers to secure their claim was vastly more important.

Nearing the isolated cabin of Old Uncle Jake Corwin the boys were surprised to hear some one call out in a voice of desperation, "Oh, God, give me power to find the Silver Disc what Pard and me lost thirty years ago. I ain't got nothing to keep his grandchildren on—they is hungry * * * * !"

Dub looked at Sleepy and said simply, "Uncle Jake."

Slowly they rode on to the cabin and dismounted, hardly speaking yet each knew the other's mind.

Presently Uncle Jake Terril came up, his shoulders drooping with the years but his head was erect and his kindly blue eyes were bright—he had conversed with his Creator. Greeting the boys he invited them into the cabin—his long white hair and beard shining in the sunlight.

"No, thank you, Uncle Jake," Sleepy said, "We won't go in now, we just wanted to show you some ore we found this morning."

He received the ore at first with some indifference but when he realized what it was the feeble hands grew shaky with excitement. Reverently he raised his white head to the sky saying, "Thank God, I have found it before it is too late."

To the boys he said, "Ah, I know the ore, it's from the old mine where the Indians drove Pard and me out. His daughter is in the cabin and them is his grandchildren."

"Is it very rich?" Dub inquired.

The question somehow brought the realization to Uncle Jake that he had not been the one to find the lost mine. Slowly the head bent forward; the chin upon his breast. The toil bent fingers relaxed letting the ore slip heedlessly to the ground.

"Too late—too old!" He moaned in his agony.

The boys studied Uncle Jake in his dejection. Then Sleepy sought Dub's face for confirmation and said, "Get ready, Uncle Jake, and we'll show you where it is. We'll leave our packs here; there is lots of stuff in them, and the folks can cook some chuck while we're gone."

Together the boys pulled the packs off the mules at the cabin door, and gave the provisions to the children to carry within.

When all were ready the three started—Uncle Jake riding one of the mules. All the way the old man kept up a ceaseless revery of Pard, the Indians, the lost mine, and the years of fruitless search.

At last when they rode into the little open space and Uncle Jake realized where he was, he went around to all the old familiar places, patting the trees and talking to them and telling them that Pard was dead. At one tree near the edge of the little clearing, the place where had been their old camp, Uncle Jake kneeled down and began scraping back the litter of cedar leaves until he uncovered a flat stone. This he turned over and began tugging at a black and tarnished circular piece which taxed his muscles to lift.

"This is her, boys; Pard and me run her into the old skillet—the silver disc."

"How much is there in that piece, Uncle Jake?" Sleepy asked. Perhaps he was thinking of Nick Hoag and the cattle.

"There's enough to keep me and Molly and the children for a long time. But this belongs to you boys—you found the Old Mine."

Dub waited but looked at Sleepy who was swallowing hard. Then with a grin over his self victory he said, "We never found *that*, Uncle Jake, and never would—I reckon the old mine and everything here by rights belongs to you."

Back at the cabin after all had eaten two meals in one, Dub became the business arbitrator. He cared little for an interest in the mine himself but he knew the sacrifice Sleepy was making, so he said, "I reckon you don't mean to give away my interest in the mine, too. I am figuring on sticking and helping to work this mine. What I think would be fair is for each one to take a third interest and give Uncle Jake all that big chunk of silver—it's his."

This was soon made agreeable and the old miner filled out proper location papers, while the boys hurried back to the ranch for a fresh supply of provisions and equipment to begin work in the old hole.

On the way, Dub with a grin asked, "Sleepy, do you figure we ought to say anything about finding 'flyin' snaker' too?"

Sawtelle, Calif.



Effecting a landing at the island of Hikueru, showing the boat, men, and pigs, just after crossing the coral reef.

JOE'S EXPERIENCE WITH *JEAN D'ARC*

BY O. B. PETERSON

This was a gospel adventure, not a romance; and the *Jean d'Arc* of which we speak was not the fair damsel who, many æcades ago, led the people of France to victory, but a small gasoline schooner of about thirty tons, which was destined to carry Joe to his new field of labor.

Joe and his companion had crossed the briny deep from San Francisco on board the steamship *Tahiti*, a vessel of more than eight thousand tons. This being their first experience at sea, it appeared to them a small enough boat, to be sure, on which to venture out on the broad Pacific.

They were registered at the headquarters of the Tahitian mission, and Joe was appointed to labor in the Tuamotu conference, and was to go to the island of Hikueru, about four hundred miles north-east of Tahiti. There were reasons why he should get there as quickly as possible, and consequently he had no time to wait around for a "pick" of the island schooners going that way.

A sailing notice was received, stating that the *Jean d'Arc* would leave "tomorrow" for Hikueru, and Joe was informed that this would be his boat to his new field of labor. He went down to the wharf to look it over; and a vastly different view met his gaze from that at San Francisco, when he boarded the *Tahiti*. There she sat, tied to the wharf like a cork; rather long for her width and depth, and with a bunk house built on her deck that made her somewhat top heavy. Besides this, she was loaded to the gunwale; merchandise of various

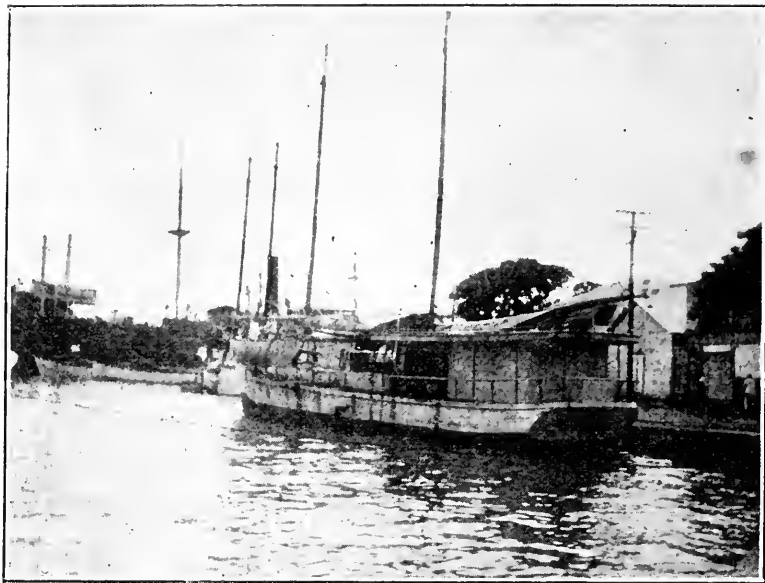
kinds filled her hold, and Tahiti fruits covered her deck. The bunk house was also filled to capacity, and there was no possible chance of getting inside, even as a protection from the rain or sea. The passengers just had to stick on wherever they could find room. Could it be possible that he had to go to sea on so small and so unseaworthy-looking craft as that? It was, indeed, a startling drop in displacement—from about 8,000 to 30 tons—and the same great Pacific! There was no other way, however, and after much waiting, on account of engine trouble and various other reasons, they finally got started on their journey.

It was on a Thursday afternoon, during the worst season of the year for south sea storms, just before the equinoctial period, and Joe's trip was no exception in regard to rough weather; nor in any way did he escape the fury of it all. Everything went well that first afternoon and night, except for a little sea-sickness, but being a fairly good sailor, he soon overcame that; and after having something to eat the following morning, he began to enjoy things immensely.

On Saturday afternoon, however, dark, menacing clouds began to gather on the eastern horizon, and the captain shouted "*e ua*" (meaning there was going to be rain). Along with it came a strong gust of wind, known as a "squall," and traveling at a rapid rate. It soon struck *Jean d'Arc* and "drenched her from head to foot," together with those on board, except as they were able to find protection in the alley-way of the bunk house. This became uncomfortable for an hour or so, and then it subsided a little. The wind shifted to the north, and came up a-fresh from the northwest. This is known among the navigators here as the north wind (*ma ta'i toerau*). It became stronger and stronger until it was blowing a violent gale and whipping up the sea into a foaming, raging, billowy mass, which soon began to break over the sides of the ship.

All this fury seemed but delicious music to *Jean d'Arc*, and, imagining herself in a great ball room, she entered into the spirit of the occasion and began to "trip the light fantastic toe." Being lithe of limb and light of figure, she took on a most artistic form, swaying first to one side, then to the other, whirling, dipping, jumping, shaking, as the harmony of the great orchestra demanded now on the crest of the wave, now between the billows. At each sway, it appeared that she would tip entirely over; and at each dip, the angry sea rushed over deck. And thus she kept on throughout all of Saturday night and Sunday. Joe tucked himself into a little corner where he could hang on and shield himself somewhat from the wet of rain and sea, and with a prayer in his heart began to wonder whether he would ever have the pleasure of walking on dry land again.

There was a call of "land!"; Hikueru had been sighted, which meant ~~they~~ were very near, as the Tuamotu islands are just flat



The *Jean d'Arc*—showing her tied to the landing after the cargo has been removed.
This is the craft on which Joe weathered a stormy sea.

stretches of coral with scarcely anything growing on them except cocoanut trees, and rising only four or five feet out of the sea. Joe's heart beat a little faster, and hope increased at the thought of getting to shore and safety; but there were still some obstacles in the way. Hikueru, like a few other islands, has no natural passage through the reef to her lagoon, and there is no other way to land, except to ride the ship's row boat over the reef. The village is on the west side of the island where also are located the only landing places. The north wind, however, made this an impassable barrier, and to attempt a landing in such a storm meant certain death. The ship, therefore, was taken around to the east side of the island, where it would be protected somewhat from the terrific gale and there, together with several other ships, waited for the storm to abate.

By Monday, the wind had subsided and the sea had calmed a little, and going around again to the west side of the island, they were able to effect a landing. Joe felt greatly relieved to set his feet on something firm again, though it was but a coral island, and rejoiced in meeting his new companions. In reporting to headquarters, he said: "Had it not been for the protecting hand of the Lord, I believe the small boat would have given all on board a grave in the ocean."

This is but one form of missionary experience in the Society Islands. There are many others; but they all tend to promote faith and trust, and develop a solemnity and patience which go into the making of true Christian character.

Orovini, Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands

"HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST"

BY GLEN PERRINS

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. My room on the southeast corner of a two story building received the full benefit of a hot July sun. This did not trouble me, however, for from the kitchen came the aroma of steaming breakfast. This alone was enough to bring me from my bed without the knowledge that today was my seventeenth birthday. On went my clothes, and not stopping to comb my hair I ran down stairs, with my shoes in one hand and the other thrust forward clearing the way.

Upon reaching the kitchen, breakfast was already waiting and soft buttered toast stacked high on the tray. My greetings were a unanimous, "Happy Birthday," with the additional, "Did you wash?" from mother. You see even though I was seventeen, I had not quite outgrown this daily question.

The meal was soon over and we went to the sitting room where the table was piled high with many packages. One in particular took my eye. A rather small one it was with a blue ribbon binding 't. Inside was a watch-fob in the form of a two and one half gold piece, and under it a card, one side of which read: "He Who Hesitates is Lost," and on the other "When in Need do not Hesitate to Part with Me." This was seemingly queer, this birthday card greeting, but reaching in my pocket I at once fastened the fob to my watch.

"Just what I wanted, Dad. Thanks a lot. Half of the fellows didn't know I had an Ingersoll, and now the fob will let them in on the secret."

"Johnny," said mother, when all the gifts were seen and admired and I had thanked everyone, "Aunt Ellen and Margaret are coming this afternoon and it is up to you to see that your cousin enjoys herself."

"Fine," I replied, "only I hope she doesn't blow me for all I've got; these hungry girls do, you know," and I looked significantly at father, but he didn't seem to comprehend.

Presently a big, blue limousine drove up and out stepped Aunt Ellen accompanied by Margaret, a girl about my own age with soft, wavy, black hair and big, brown eyes—she was very pretty. It was always fun to be with her, and it would be especially so on a day like this, my 17th birthday.

"Congratulations," she exclaimed, "you'll soon be as old as I am, and then you'll have to stop having birthdays."

"Yes, you girls never get over sixteen, do you?" I replied. "Mother says she is sixteen and all that goes with it. I suppose she

means ten years, but I have never asked her just what she meant. It doesn't pay."

All afternoon we motored, chatting and bantering back and forth at each other. In the evening we saw a movie—a thriller. She thought the show was so "exciting;" that Salt Lake City was "a perfect dream" and that our canyons were "simply wonderful." I was beginning to think she was, too, when she mentioned something about lunch.

"Of course," I murmured, stepping on the gas. I must have been excited. I couldn't remember anything but how empty my purse had become. Then she cautioned me that the speedometer said "40 miles." I was thinking of the "40 days" I'd soon be doing if we ate and I couldn't pay the check.

"Pardon me, I must have been dreaming," I said apologetically.

"Surely," she answered, "it was kind of exciting. Wasn't that a restaurant we just passed? Do you know I hardly know what's wrong, but I'm famished. Wouldn't a meal be fine now?"

"A meal," I thought, and my mind wandered again to my purse. "Certainly would!" I exclaimed bravely as I slowed up and helped her out.

She ate and ate. Famished? she must have been starved. As in a daze I searched madly through my jeans, dreaming desperately of washing dishes or scrubbing floors to pay the check. Nothing more than 35c could be found, and the check—well, after I had gained courage enough to look at it, said \$2.20.

Suddenly my hand hit a card. I drew it out—my birthday greeting from Dad—and there smiling in my face was, "When in Need do not Hesitate to Part with Me." My watch-fob, a life saver! Why not? Margaret would never know. I hesitated no longer, the card said, "He Who Hesitates is Lost." So the check was paid. I wasn't lost, but my watch-fob was.

Heaven help these hungry girls!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

I Am the Mountains

I am the dwelling place of power and might,
Home of the blessed and champion of the right,
By conquerors despised, their plans I thwart,
By nature loved to whom I lend support.

I am the home of the unknown, and mystery;
Father of lake and river, I am history
Whose secrets have ne'er been unfolded,
Great am I, for destinies I have moulded.

I am the king who overlooks valleys of health,
In myself are wonders of untold wealth,
I am the father of brooks and of fountains.

The home of pine and hemlock, I am the Mountains!

Morgan, Utah

GLENN DICKSON.

THE MISSION OF THE M. I. A.*

BY ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE
AND ASSISTANT SUPT. Y. M. M. I. A.

I feel sure that, in the history of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the position occupied by these great organizations in the Church of Christ has never before been more clearly understood, more definitely established and more urgently needed than at present. We have had in the past to shift our program, since to the priesthood quorums and the Sabbath schools has been given the task of treating, more essentially, the study of theological questions.

Added Responsibilities Placed upon the M. I. A.

Still, unto us is left the right and privilege to study the practical application of our glorious religion to the lives of the boys and girls; and the essential aim established in the early organization, through the direction of President Young, is still reserved, viz. "the establishment in the youth of individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great Latter-day work."

There have come to us added responsibilities, and it is necessary that those who are engaged in this important work should understand something of the nature of this assignment, what it means and the facilities that are provided to accomplish the glorious ends. I would not wish to draw unfavorable comparisons nor to magnify unduly the importance of the M. I. A. in the Church, because we recognize that each organization has its place, its field, and its importance, desiring only that we shall magnify in the minds of the Mutual Improvement workers the importance of our assignments, and a vision of how we are going to carry it forward. This is the object I have in my own mind, I desire in my heart that the Lord will help me to bring forward to you such things as are important and necessary that we may clearly understand our mission and know how to perform it.

The Relationship of the M. I. A. to Other Organizations

To help me to illustrate what I feel with reference to our organization and its place, in its relationship to other auxiliary organizations of the Church, I am reminded of an incident I read about a long time ago. On one of the trails leading to the Alps, the journey was very safe in the earlier part of the trip, and then there

*A theme discussed in the M. I. A. officers meeting, Sunday morning, June 8, 1924, at the annual conference.

was encountered a very difficult passage. The road was a narrow ledge on an overhanging cliff, with a wall of rock rising above the traveler. It was always covered with ice and was consequently not only narrow but slippery, and many a traveler lost his life there. It was very short, but it was part of the journey. If one could successfully get over that difficult part of the journey, the road was comparatively safe. Now, some very thoughtful and wise man concluded to make that dangerous part of the journey more safe, and so he drilled holes in the rocks overhead, and beaded pipes in the rock and brought them down at intervals, and on the longer end of these placed another rod, so that the traveler might take hold of this as a means of protection, and to save himself from falling; and if he should fall, save himself from going over the cliff to his death. It is said that since that provision was made, not a single life has been lost at that point, and the journey can now be made with comparative safety. I can see the Mutual Improvement Associations of this Church occupying the same place in the lives of boys and girls. It is very safe for them when they are little boys and little girls in mother's home, under her care, while in the Primary and in the early periods of their study in the Sunday school. It is quite safe for them until they reach the period that we call adolescence. Then they begin to want to wander away from home, they reach the slippery part of life's journey, and there is danger all about them, though they feel that they are perfectly safe and able to take care of themselves. Numbers of them make failures and become wrecks, while traveling over that period in which they are assigned to the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church.

*The Growth of the Church Depends Upon Our Holding and Saving
Our Young People*

Taking the girls from fourteen upward, and the boys from twelve upward, they come into our care during that slippery and dangerous part of life's progress, and it is our task to provide for them the protection, the guidance, the safety, to conduct them over life's dangerous period, and bring them in safety to manhood's and womanhood's estate. It is the period of time when all the organizations find it exceedingly difficult to get them; and to win them is our greatest task. I remind you that while our baptisms last year were possibly the largest in our history for years, since excellent results are coming from the missionary fields, yet more than three times as many children were born to Latter-day Saint parents as all our baptisms numbered in the missionary field. With these facts before us, we may well believe that the future strength and growth of this Church depends upon our ability to save and hold our own. We have been given this assignment and have been given the means of performing this task, as none of the other organizations of the Church have been provided with.

The M. I. A. the Rescue Mission of the Church

It is recognized that we are not only to take care of those who willingly or voluntarily come to us, but we are to be, may I say? the rescue mission of the Church for young men and young women.

A New Requirement of the Officers

We are asking today a new thing of the Mutual Improvement workers, for in this conference, in the department of Organization and Membership, we have asked that you go home and not only endeavor to secure ten percent of the membership of your ward and stake in the Mutual Improvement Associations, but that you shall account for every boy and every girl in your ward of Mutual age, that you shall list them, that you shall keep a record of them and work on that record until you have won them by some of these means and facilities that have been given to us. Until you have done this, your task is not fully performed. We have asked that we shall have the best men and women possible to do this work in the wards and stakes, because we are trying to win those whom nobody else has been able to get. We are not trying to win them for ourselves only, but we are getting them for the Sunday school, for the priesthood quorums and the other organizations of the Church. And so we are to serve and labor for all of these institutions, and that is why undoubtedly we have been given means and facilities such as none of the other organizations have.

The Means Provided for this Work

Let us look at the means that have been provided us. We have courses of study in the practical application of the gospel. What an opportunity we have in the nature of our work to make the word of wisdom appeal to the boy and to the girl! And so, each and every principle, we seek to apply in a practical way in the lives of the boys and girls. But not all, particularly those who have not yet been touched, will be interested in even a study of the practical application of the gospel principles, nor in a consideration of our courses of study, no matter how interesting they may be.

Recreation, Music, Activities—The End in View

There are therefore means offered us by the assignment given to us through the decision of the Presidency of the Church to try to get hold of these boys and girls with other methods, so that to this great organization has come the assignment to use recreation in all its forms and in all its departments. It is but a means to an end. Always, in these several activities, I hope that you Mutual Improvement workers will not look upon either recreation, M Men's work, the Bee-Hive Girls' work, Boy Scout work, or the Gleaners' work as the end. These are but the means to another and higher and a more

glorious end. There is not a field of human endeavor that boys or girls could possibly be interested in, but that we have been given the opportunity to employ these various means for the accomplishment of our desirable end. Music, with all its advantages, its appeal to the boy and to the girl, is offered to us; and we are asking that in the stakes and in the wards you shall follow the example of the General Board and appoint a music director and an assistant, if you can provide such, but at least there should be a music director who shall take advantage of the natural inclination of many to express themselves in song, some of whom do it at unseasonable hours of the night, and very much to the annoyance of their neighbors and friends. But all this may be guided and directed into proper channels, and opportunities of expressing themselves and bringing them within the influence and the circle of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

We Give Opportunity for Expression

We are asking also that in the use of the drama, and we have been given the opportunity to express ourselves in drama, that we shall employ this as a means of reaching others who do not willingly come from other appeals. Let us not reserve these things exclusively for those who come on their own account. But let us use these means as an opportunity to go out and enlist the boy or girl who never has yet come with us, and induce them by a study of their natural talents and ability to take some part in music, in drama, in athletics or Boy Scout work, or whatever may probably appeal to that boy or girl; and we have the whole field. Employ these means of reaching that boy or that girl who never yet has been brought within our circles. And so I might say with reference, not only to drama, but to debates, where, within legitimate bounds we may proceed to interest the boy who has in him natural ability and a desire to take care of himself, has a definite and strong opinion, generally, upon questions. Give him the opportunity to express himself under guidance. This will appeal to a boy or a girl, probably, when nothing else will reach him.

The Supervision of Recreation

The great assignment that has come to us in the supervision of recreation for the Church, in the fixing of standards, if we had nothing else but this alone, it would justify the perpetuity and existence of the great M. I. A. cause. But we had enough to live for before that, and now there are more reasons than ever for these great organizations to be permanently established and to go forward. We accept this assignment, with humility, and yet with an earnest desire to do our part, not only to the group that we serve, but to all groups, to unify the recreation of the Church, to establish standards, to rescue recreation from commercialism, and to restore it to the place it once occupied in the Church, a time when it was given so sacredly for the

benefit and blessing of the people as religious instruction, and not for money-making. And we are asking all our workers to look upon recreation, as but a means to an end, and not the end itself, and that recreation shall be employed to reach groups of individuals who could probably not be reached through the study of religion; and to give to all the opportunity to engage in the spirit of relaxation during their leisure time, and guide them towards wholesome, clean recreation, and to curtail it where needed. It is not our desire to multiply it, but to give it in sufficient quantities to satisfy our boys and girls and to keep them from going elsewhere, and to keep our crowds together; for we have in mind the opportunity that will come for them to make proper selections in companionship by keeping them in groups together.

Recreation Should Carry its Own Burdens, but not Finance Wards

While we recognize that recreation must carry its own burdens, it should not, however, be burdened with the responsibility of financing wards or stakes in their financial programs. We have suggested that, in the year-round program, a portion of all profits that may come from recreation shall go into a common fund to be used by the consent of the group, the bishop and his counselors, and the executive officers of all the auxiliaries, to better improve our recreational facilities. But all these are, as I have said, but a means towards an end. We recognize that we can serve young men and young women in this field as perhaps none of the other organizations can, because our work is not limited to the Sabbath day.

We do our work on the week day, and can properly engage in these activities and in athletics in our M Men's organizations, where we bring forward the development of the boy's physical power; in contest work, where, in his play moments, as we heard last night, he may develop the finest physical strength it is possible for men to obtain. We do all that to keep him clean and safe while he treads the dangerous path of life, and to hold him within the circles of the Church. We have been criticized by other denominations because, in the early days of this Church, in the West, we allowed the boys and girls to dance in the meeting houses. Men have been shocked at the thought. Yet we have said it is but providing for boys and girls what they naturally want, and what they ought to have, with approval and guidance, so that they will not steal away as young people of many churches do in violation of the counsels given by their leaders, and secretly and privately engage, in undesirable places, in these identical amusements. Trailing behind us now comes the acknowledgement of most of these Christian denominations, that we were right. We knew we were right in the beginning, because God guided and directed those who were providing for the youth of Israel. He let them know that this was not a narrow-minded nor bigoted Church, but that it recognizes everything that is wholesome, every-

thing that is good and everything that is desirable and proper in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And so we are moving forward to establish upon a more firm basis, and, as I observe, to rescue recreation from commercialism, into the spirit of real service, of mutual helpfulness and benefit, and to make our boys and girls feel that they need go nowhere else.

The M. I. A. Provides for Natural Wants and Human Needs

I tell you that the natural inclination in the hearts of both men and women, is for these things and if the Church does not provide them the lodges and societies and institutions that have grown up outside the Church will. And to supply that natural want and human need, our institutions were established to be, if you please, the boys' club, although we do not like that word, but it answers all those yearnings of the heart, for association in organizations such as I have indicated. And there is nothing that these institutions provide that is proper and right and wholesome but that can be had within the Mutual Improvement Association. The Boy Scout program is a means, so far as we are concerned, and a very efficient means,—we recognize it as one of the best programs that has ever been devised to interest boys just as they are coming to the threshold of that dangerous period of life—to interest them in the things that are worth while. We have adopted it, and use it as a part of our program, but only, again, as a means to an end.

Likewise the girls' organizations, the Bee-Hive and the Gleaner girls—these institutions provide facilities and means of interesting those who would not respond probably, to the appeals to come and study the gospel. The gospel of good health, the gospel of clean life, such as these organizations teach, is a part of the good gospel, and if they become interested in these things, we may gently lead them step by step, having found a point of interest—and I want to say, you can make no progress or headway with any human being unless you can find the point of contact, the point of interest. So comprehensive is our plan that there is probably not a human being who could not be interested in some part of our program. We will use that part which will interest, and then gently lead them forward until we interest them in the whole program.

A Year-Round Program

We have come also to feel that our task cannot be properly performed by merely devoting ourselves to our work from October to April. We have been urging more permanent establishment of the year-round program, recognizing that probably the safest period for the boy and girl during the year is this period, from October until April, and the most dangerous period, the time when he runs off alone, or with small groups seeking his pleasure away from home

in canyons, in resorts, and in the out-door life; he may then be in far greater danger than when he is indoors, in association with groups in the home, in Church, in school. And so we feel, young men and young women leaders in the Mutual Improvement Association, that we must get a new vision of our responsibility, and that every worker shall be a worker all the year around. There are many of our organizations holding their meetings on Sunday evening during the year. Certainly every one of them should continue during the summer. We have provided a change in the program for the summer work, on Sabbath evening, during the summer, or, if you choose, and can hold your meetings on Tuesday evening, during the summer, the program will suit you. Again, we feel that perhaps the period of time when the committee on recreation of the M. I. A. can most effectively operate, and is needed perhaps more than at any other time, is this summer period. I should like to suggest to you workers that not only the ones assigned to the task of supervising recreation shall be active, but that when the vacation period comes, and you do not hold your weekly meetings, there be a new assignment of every officer. If they have nothing specific to do during the summer, let them come in and help to carry forward this great recreational guidance, in supervision, out in the field, supervision of parties who go to dances in the neighboring town, supervision of canyon parties, supervision of swimming parties. These activities ought to be chaperoned, and it ought to be a matter of regret, and I was going to say shame, to ward Mutual workers, should groups of boys and girls, groups that we are charged with the responsibility of taking care of, ever go anywhere unchaperoned during their summer activities. And our workers could well be enlisted in helping to supervise and care for this work.

What Is the End of All This?

Now the end of all this: What is it? I said these are but the means, and I want to confess to you that there has never been devised, by inspired men, a program so complete and so perfect to accomplish the end desired, as the program given to us in the assignments that come to us in the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church. The end of it all is the end that President Young held up in the beginning—to establish faith in God in the hearts of the boys and the girls, belief in him, testimony of him, that he lives; and respect for those who are leading and directing his great work in the earth. Faith in him, that when the call comes they shall respond and render that service, either in the missionary field, or in the other auxiliary organizations, or in the Priesthood quorums, for we are but feeders for all these other organizations. We recognize our assignment to be such, that we are in a way ministering and serving other organizations as well as taking care of that group that really belongs

to us, or does naturally come to us. We are, as I said in the beginning, the rescue workers for those indolent, careless, indifferent boys or girls, every one of whom, however, can be reached with this program. And then, if, with faith in God, with love for the souls of the children of men, and with determination and persistence, we shall go forward, we may win them. And I say, in the language of one of our own revelations, that if you shall labor all your life using this wonderful program, using your time, though it may take you all your life to accomplish it, and yet save but one soul, you will have greater joy than if you had gained the wealth of the world; because, one redeemed, sanctified soul, worthy to come into the presence of God, into the highest degree of celestial glory, is of greater intrinsic value and worth than all the material things of the earth, because that redeemed, sanctified soul, in time to come, may rise to such heights that he, too, may speak, and matter shall be organized, and all material wealth be brought into being and existence, such as obtains in a world like this, and that the product in time of one of these boys. The object created is not as great as he who has created it, and so, one of these is of greater value than all the world besides. I said the first end was to establish in their hearts faith in God, belief and confidence that he lives, as expressed this morning in the testimonies that were borne. More of these our brethren and sisters, have received their testimonies upon their feet than upon their knees. If there is one thing that Mutual Improvement work provides more than another, it is the opportunity for individual expression.

Provide Larger Opportunity for Testimony Bearing and Expression

Our program plans for it, and I feel to commend to you brethren and sisters larger opportunity for testimony bearing in the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, and also more opportunity for the boy to express himself, for he is to be put in training that he may be able to express himself when he goes into the mission field, or when he is called to responsibility in the priesthood quorums or other organizations. Our whole program provides the opportunity to develop, as President Young said, the natural talents that are in us, and so this great field gives them the opportunity, whatever their talent may be, whether it is in public speaking, in singing, in athletics, or in acting, whatever their talents may be, here is a field that provides opportunity to express themselves.

We Are the Children of Ephraim—The Children of Promise

I recognize, as I said a moment ago, also that one of the great obligations that is upon us in giving this guidance through this difficult and dangerous period of the life of the boy and the girl, is to keep them clean, that they may preserve their natural birthright, to be the chosen people of God. I read with keen interest a short time

ago an article appearing in Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*, in which the author of the article was discussing the question, "Are the Jews the chosen people of God?" And then he told the story of the House of Israel, and recited the blessings pronounced upon the heads of each one of the sons of Jacob, and gave all credit to the house of Judah for all blessings that they had a right to claim, but denied them the right to claim the blessings pronounced upon all the sons of Jacob, which many desire to look for and to claim. But he limited them, however, to the blessings which belong to them, and then he traced the greater blessings that came upon the head of Joseph to his son Ephraim, and said: "If we could find these children of Ephraim, we would find the chosen people of God." I wonder if there is a greater thing we could do for the young men and young women of this Church than to make them feel and know that they are the children of Ephraim, the children of promise?

Marry in Your Own Faith

Not to build them up in a spirit of pride, nor boastfulness, but to establish in their hearts a spirit of thankfulness, a regard for their birthright, their privilege, and with resolve and determination that shall not sell it for a mess of pottage, but that they shall hold it sacred, that they are of the royal branch of the House of Israel, and that they must look to the preserving of their privileges by marrying in their own faith. I say to you that there is no conservation that this people could possibly practice to better advantage than in having Latter-day Saint boys marry Latter-day Saint girls; for whenever they marry out of their faith they vitiate their promises and impair in their children the rights to these eternal blessings and privileges which God, long before-hand, promised should come through this branch of the house of Israel. Despised? Yes, now, and have been in the past. One of a family, cast out of their own home, could no longer abide there, had to flee from their home as outcasts, and exiles, like their forefather Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. Wasn't that the feeling of the world when this people were driven from pillar to post, and went off into the wilderness? By many it was thought they would either be absorbed or lose their lives through contact with savages in human form, or wild beasts, or famine. But lo, and behold! as of old, when God preserved the outcast Joseph, built him up and established him and sent him forth to become the savior of all his father's house, so God is doing the very same identical thing in these Latter-days, for the descendants of that Joseph. Outcasts from the world, they have found the place where God is establishing in them those saving qualities and principles not only to feed men the bread that shall sustain physical life, but, greater than that, to prepare the bread of life in examples of living that shall not only make this people the saviors of the whole house of Israel in the Latter-days, for God

has decreed it, but become the light of the nations, the salt of the earth.

Keep Bright Before us the Vision of Things to Come

We want to keep before the eyes, therefore, of the young men and the young women of this Church, this vision of the glorious things that are to come, and induce them to preserve all they have inherited, and the most precious thing they have inherited is their birthright that they are the sons and daughters of these men and women whom God has brought from the ends of the earth, responding to that call: Come out of her; oh, ye my people, that ye be not partakers of her plagues, when her judgments shall come.

Honor Father and Mother by Clean Lives

And that we shall in the spirit of the slogan which we have adopted this year, recognize that we owe to these worthy fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, a great debt, and that, as we have inherited from them clean bodies, without taint of the things that God has forbidden, and have obtained bodies uncontaminated with the poisons of tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor, that we shall cause our boys and girls to catch the vision of the value of such an inheritance, as it has taken two or three generations of struggle to bring to us. And we ought to make them feel the folly it would be to sell that birthright and throw it away to turn again to wallow in the mire and resort to the practices that our parents forsook. It is an insult to any father and mother for a boy to disobey that father's or mother's counsel and example and smoke tobacco. And so our slogan as fitting and appropriate, that we should have more honor and respect for our parents whom we owe so much for this our glorious heritage.

Honor Father and Mother by Right Marriage

We desire also that proper standards shall be maintained that ultimately the sacred blessings of marriage in the house of God shall come. One of our brethren said that it is an insult to any girl for a boy to propose marriage to her for time, just as great an insult as if he proposed marriage to her for five years or for ten years; for what is time but a brief period of eternity? And any boy who proposes marriage for time only is offering insult to a Latter-day Saint girl. What we want is to have these boys and girls live clean and worthy to go into the house of God, and receive their eternal blessings, and then to keep the first great commandment that God has given to man. And it is our task to teach them to look forward to the fulfilment of that obligation in multiplying and replenishing the earth that we shall be in this respect, as well as in all others, a distinguished people, and different from anyone else, for we are not

only to bring to pass the establishment of these standards for ourselves, but the Lord himself has said, "Arise, and shine that ye may be the light of the nations." And that day must come, and it will, when the east and the west, and the north, and the south shall say: Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, that we may learn to walk in his paths.

God has Called us to be in but not of the World

When I listened last night to the very earnest appeal made by our last speaker in the Assembly Hall, stating the problems that are vexing the world today with reference to our social standards, it did seem to me as he intimated, that if all the world caters after low standards it will be exceedingly difficult to bring forward great things in music, in art, in literature or in government. But do you know that God has called this people to be in the world but not of the world? If there is anything lovely, virtuous or praiseworthy, we seek after these things, but we do not satisfy ourselves merely with the good, which comes from the world. We expect to build upon it, we expect to go farther than they go, we expect to see more than they see.

Out for World Leadership

It is our right, it is our privilege to excel, and we are out for world leadership, not only for ourselves, but for the world. The Lord has enjoined it upon us, and we desire therefore to be strong enough to stand by our standards of morality, our standards in social life, in dress, in living, our standards, in all things must be above the standards of the world; and yet demonstrate, they are workable standards. It has been said that the "Mormon" Church is the most wonderful organization in all the world. But the most wonderful part about it is that it works, and if we can show the world a generation of young men and young women who can live and enjoy life, and yet be above the standards of the world, we shall become the light of the world.

We Do Not Doubt the Young People of Zion

So far as the future of this work is concerned, we have no doubt about it, neither do we doubt the young men and the young women of Zion. I confess to you that it is my belief that there never has come to the earth a generation of boys and girls so noble, so pure and so good, as the generation of boys and girls that we are called to deal with, and yet I acknowledge that they are face to face with problems such as their fathers and mothers never met, more difficult to solve; and I want to tell you with all praise to fathers and mothers who built the bridges, who traveled the plains and who subdued the deserts. All honor to them, but I say to you that it will take greater

faith, greater determination and stability on the part of the youth of this generation, to solve their problems and to come out clean, unscathed, and uncontaminated with the sins of the world, than it did for our fathers to subdue the desert! But I have faith in them that they will succeed by our help, by the application of this program. I have faith that we shall save the great majority of them, for God's holy and righteous purposes.

Oh how I love the future. I would rather live to see the future than any day that has passed, glorious as the past has been. I say I would rather see the glorious future that is coming for the youth of Israel, than any day that is past; the great majority of them will come forth clean and worthy to enter into their inheritance, these sacred blessings that have been promised to them. I can see them in the visions of the future, multiplying by tens and hundreds of thousands, a mighty army that God will recognize, and that the world will come and pay attention to. No glory, no ambition that ever thrilled the heart of any boy or girl, to attain, shall be denied our young men and women, if only they shall keep themselves clean and undefiled from the sins of this generation. Their praises shall be heralded, they shall be recognized and praised more than their fathers were. I can see every promise coming naturally to us. The great architect has given us the plan, God the eternal Father, revealed it in all its specifications, and if we shall but follow those specifications, —and I am glad that we have still with us and always shall have a consulting engineer in an inspired prophet of God, who shall clear up from time to time any problems that may arise in the proper understanding of God's specifications for the establishment of this his great and mighty work. And if we shall listen to those whom he has appointed to interpret his plan, it shall be unfolded, and we shall build upon it, and see rise here the mightiest structure that has ever graced this footstool of God, and in due time shall bring to us, as the Lord has promised, his own divine Son to live with such a people. And the great Mutual Improvement cause is charged now with the task and responsibility of building in the lives of this generation of boys and girls, this program for their own salvation, for their own joy of life, and pass on to our posterity all that we have inherited, with a little added to it, and thus not many generations shall pass away until we shall produce the best race of men and women that have ever lived.

A Prayer and a Promise for Success

I thank God with all my heart that I am associated with such a work. I rejoice to be counted worthy to be one of the workers in the Mutual Improvement cause. We have a sacred and a holy mission. God help us to see it, and to use these means sacredly as a means to these glorious ends, and may we live to see, as I am sure we shall,

fruits of our labors now; and I know we shall see the fruits of our labors in eternity. Though you may labor long and seem to make no progress, be not discouraged, fight for these precious souls, they are worth fighting for. They are worth your time, they are worth your effort. Follow this program, and in the spirit of the Gospel, and I promise you, as you live, you shall succeed. And may God grant it, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Let Me Be a Friend to You

O let me be a friend to you,
A real friend, kind and true,
At times, when life seems dark and drear
And everything seems blue.
Just let me come and hold your hand
When you are sick and sad,
And let me tell you things that won't
Make life seem quite so bad.

O let me come and share your load
And help you on your way,
And try and scatter sunshine bright
Before you every day;
And when death's angel hovers near,
Let me be at your side
To comfort you and cheer your heart,
That hope may there abide.

And when the wound has all been healed,
And life goes on the same,
Let me be there to help you win
The fight in life's hard game.
And so the fleeting years will pass,
Alas, we will grow old;
But still I'll be a friend to you,
My heart will ne'er turn cold.

And if I pass beyond the veil
Before your journey's through,
I'll promise you that as a friend
I'll wait and watch for you.
And when you come at last to me
Into that wondrous land,
We'll reach those heights together, friend,
As children, hand in hand.

THE WORTH WHILE

BY GEORGE LEE SHARP

Foreword—The short story following, written especially for the *Era*, has as its theme the beacon light of life—the ultimate goal of man's endeavors in the search for true happiness—brotherly love.

The author has attempted to contrast the philosophy of life as practiced by typical characters in actual life itself, showing finally that purely material things are subject to the power of love and that, even after years of struggle and strife, in the search for glory and gold, man, when he hears the cry of distress of a fellowman, will forget all in the desire to risk his life or lift his hand to save a brother.

The story has as its setting the trackless northland wherein the characters enact their roles of life. True, the tale verges on the tragedy, but life is a glorious combination of tears and smiles and just as we have our comedy so, too, must we have our tragedy. That is life. Here we have a page from the book of life itself.—GEORGE LEE SHARP.

The biting blasts of drear, bleak winter were sweeping the crispy flakes of snow in gusts and frenzied flurries about the little trading post at St. Pierre.

It was a dismal day. Dark pines, frosted with icy spangles, bent in the breath of the wind as it whistled and moaned through troubled forests around rugged crags and down snow filled gulches. It was a desolate day—typical, however, of Alaskan winter.

Within the primitive stockade, nothing more elaborate than a log cabin fenced with a timber palisade, an atmosphere of warmth and cheer was prevalent. Old Mike, as the aged keeper of the post was called by trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, of which he was a servant, was entertaining. Three strangers from the States had arrived simultaneously with the breaking of the storm and their snow soaked clothes and benumbed limbs called for a crackling fire and liquor bracers.

Wanderers in the northland are rare, for, excepting the trappers, but few white men care to brave the frozen barriers of unblazed wilderness even for compensations of fur and gold. It was little wonder then that Old Mike, hermit that he was, welcomed with congenial hospitality the derelicts of the storm.

As the men hovered about the stove small clouds of steam rose from their drying garments and the warmth, penetrating to the flesh, stimulated circulation and loosened tongues, until the small crude room echoed with loud talking and gruff guffaws.

When news had exhausted itself discussion entered into channels of logic and philosophy.

Stewart Jacobs, youngest of the group, had listened intently to the discourse which concerned more or less the field of human en-

deavor and the purpose of life itself. Old Mike had rendered his version and sat toasting his shins while his visitors eyed him critically.

"You're wrong!" exclaimed Jacobs emphatically. "Entirely wrong. There you sit like a contented old woman, purrin' like a pet maltese over your pipe. You claim that a shack in the woods, a bottle of gin, and a supply of chewin' tobacco is paradise for a king. That's your ideal. To you that's life."

Old Mike riveted his eyes on Jacobs, blew a cloud of smoke, nodded acquiescence and remained silent.

"Dickson, here," continued Jacobs, indicating his neighbor with a jerk of his thumb, "has ideas of his own, and I reckon they're akin to yours and unrelated to mine, but be that as it may I've considered my lot in life and have arrived at conclusions that can't be wrong."

"To live we must have necessities, and to live and be happy we must have the luxuries as well. But even these elements require at least a moderate degree of wealth. Life's mission, then, is obvious. The accumulation of a fortune spells happiness and all that is worth while. Gold must be the guiding star for it is gold that inspires progress and lifts man above the mire."

Old Mike shoved his chair away from the stove with an outburst of sheer disgust. The unknown stranger stared at Jacobs in blank amazement.

"Gold! Filthy gold!" exclaimed Dickson harshly. "So that's your utopia of life. 'Tis a foul pursuit indeed.

"Wealth is like the leafy fringe that bedecks the mighty oak, beautiful and attractive in the summer of life—forgotten and forlorn in the autumn of dull decay and unmourned death. The cardinal element of life is glory. Glory is like the sturdy oak itself which, even when devoid of leafy ornament, withstands the storms of time and lives, a monument of seasons passed—an inspiration in the days to come. Let man achieve his greatness as he may. Let glory come at any cost, from any source.

"Men come into this world, pause briefly, and pass on. The span of life is short, uncertain, uncontrolled, and millions come and go—from clay to common clay. But memory embalms accomplishments of supermen and their names stay blazoned in the book of time eternal.

"I would rather have it said of me, 'There is Dickson, the greatest dog-skinner in the Yukon,' than be heralded world-wide as an oil king dwelling in a house of gold."

Dickson's eloquence left his trio of listeners spellbound and the sinister silence within, contrasted with the wild storm without, seemed uncanny.

Old Mike slouched deeper into his chair and proceeded to place his feet upon the stove with the result that his water soaked boots sizzled momentarily and gave off sickening aroma of burnt leather. Jacobs and Dickson clinked glasses for the fifth time and sipped dark uninviting liquor while the unknown stranger, removed from the trio, sat inactive and silent.

Outside the wind shrieked relentlessly, howling then moaning,

sighing and murmuring while, during intermittent lulls, the far off howl of the wolf, calling for its mate or announcing a kill, could be heard faintly.

As the red coals settled in the firebox and warned of diminishing fuel Old Mike rose from his chair and shuffled after more wood. Jacobs refilled his glass and sipped while Dickson rested his head in his hands and meditated. The stranger had risen to his feet and had joined the group:

"Gentlemen," he said at length, so softly that his words were barely audible, "your discourse has greatly interested me, and inasmuch as I, too, have my theory of life, I feel obligated to add my philosophy to yours:

"Your ideals of life, as you have expressed them, are gold and glory. You have explained your reasons for believing as you do and your reasoning is entirely logical. I do not desire to cast reflection upon it. I simply seek to enlighten you on facts which you have not taken into account.

"You have said that gold is the making of progress and the uplifter of mankind; the magnet that draws friendship and position. From a material standpoint this may be true, but certainly not from the viewpoint of ethics. Wealth is but a superficial thing and when it exists so-called friendship vanishes like mediaeval ghosts. Riches are gained mostly through exploitation of our fellowmen. It encourages greed, inequality, discrimination, and contributes not a single factor to true happiness.

"You have stated that glory is the pinnacle of all earthly things, and should be sought for through all channels and obtained at any cost. True glory, the attributes of Washington and Lincoln, is worthy of desire. Such glory, however, is but one of many kinds. Alexander the Great was glorious. His iron hand swayed the world. He was a superman among men but his glory was not self-achieved, for it was built upon the sacrifice of his armies. He created his magnitude of power on the strength of his soldiers' life blood. His name is recorded in the pages of history but his name is not sacred for his deeds, or misdeeds, although they held a world aghast, stand not as models but as examples of greed and lust, and as such must be despised.

"Glory for glory's sake is sin. If it comes from earnest effort, a result of effort not of aim, it is a thing to be admired, but only then. Anything that comes consciously at the expense of our fellowmen cannot be worth while. Life is but a single, short span as compared with life eternal, and brotherly love is the only thing that can establish greatness as seen by Him who sees all things.

"True happiness should be the goal of man's undivided efforts, and the most indispensable factor of happiness is brotherly love. Mark my word, gentlemen, that is the worth while."

As the stranger finished, his audience shifted uneasily. Old Mike puffed vigorously at his pipe. Jacobs gulped a glass of gin. Dickson crossed his arms, and all three smiled inwardly and shook their heads.

* * * *

Six years had passed since the little party of derelicts sought shelter at St. Pierre, and the great northland again lay buried beneath a blanket of freshly fallen snow.

Down in the coastal settlement of Five Forks, the hearts of the

traders and trappers throbbed with elation for snowfall meant the signal for the greatest event of the year—the trans-Alaskan dog relay.

Contention for the purse of ten-thousand dollars, and the honor of being the greatest sportsman in the north, was keen, and enthusiastic dogsters were already arriving to prepare for the annual test of skill and endurance.

One of the entrants, no other than Dickson, already mentioned in connection with the scene at the trading post, was a favorite contestant. For three successive years he had driven his dog teams to victory, but such success he attributed to lack of worthy competition rather than to his own ability. The entry list for the coming event was long and bore the names of famous dog-skinners from all sections. It was rumored that the winner would have to run an unparalleled race, but Dickson was thrilled with the very thought of genuine rivalry and competition. If he won, his supremacy would be unquestioned and perpetual glory be bestowed.

When the day of the race arrived throngs of spectators turned out to cheer the contestants as they started on the first lap of their perilous journey.

Dickson was the first to leave and as he cracked his whip sharply his dogs let out a single lingering yelp and sped swiftly away over the glassy surface of the frozen snow.

For hours the dogs dragged the sled at a killing pace. The settlement now lay far behind while miles of ice and snow, riffled in places and speckled here and there with solitary pines and defiant rocks, stretched forth as far as eye could see.

Dickson was in a happy mood. He had a splendid start and his dogs were maintaining a rapid pace. He knew that somewhere behind him others, quite as determined as he, were racing for the same goal, but he was leading and that was all that mattered.

Morning and afternoon passed quickly and twilight saw Dickson camped in a wooded cove. The dogs, tied securely, were having their repast of meat scrap while their master busied himself with fire-building and camp arrangement. Suddenly one of the dogs barked, then followed a perfect chorus of yelps and snarls. Dickson looked up and peered into the distance. Heading westward, his dog team barely moving the laden sled, was a stranger.

Something about the general stature of the man seemed familiar and Dickson, his curiosity besting him, gave a lusty h-e-l-l-o with the immediate result that the stranger altered his course and approached the camp.

Coincidence is not uncommon but the consequent meeting of Jacobs and Dickson, resulting from events just mentioned, was as surprising as it was dramatic. The two wanderers of half a decade's separation were reunited at the very pinnacle of their accomplishments.

Far up into the fastness of the mountains Jacobs had wandered

in search of gold. Years of fruitless toil had brought him no return, but he was persistent and at last the icy stream of the canyon yielded up its yellow metal in quantities that meant undreamed of fortune. Gold there was in plenty, but gold in itself afforded no more companionship than did the snow-capped peaks that poked specter-like into the crispy air. And because he was hungry for civilization and contact with his fellowmen Jacobs resolved to journey to the coast which resulted, as we have seen, in his meeting Dickson while en-route.

As the shadows of dusk closed in, the two men sat in the glowing firelight and chatted freely of their wanderings and experiences. Each told of his endeavors and his accomplishments. Each commended the other one for the success achieved in obtaining the worth while. And so conversation waxed warm, became exhausted, and lapsed into silence. Jacobs replenished the supply of fuel while Dickson meditated over his pipe.

From out the dusk the dismal howl of a wolf rent the stillness, then followed a chorus of sinister replies until the very heavens seemed to echo. A distant shot rang sharply out, then another and another in quick succession. Jacobs and Dickson, pale with horror, stared at each other.

"Wolves," muttered Jacobs beneath his breath. "Some poor devil is making his last stand."

Dickson said not a word but from his keen gray eyes flashed a strange light. Without hesitation he snatched his rifle from the sled, untied the dogs and without second consideration sped to assist a brother in distress. Jacobs, revolver in hand, followed without delay.

In a little hollow far out in the land of blizzards, ice, and awe-inspiring wilderness—in the land that God must have forgotten, three brothers fought valiantly a losing battle. Together their fire-arms barked into the cold crisp air, but wolves, frenzied with the pangs of hunger, are devoid of fear, and the battle, noble as it was, rested in the hands of Fate, and Fate decreed to snip the life thread of three earthly sons.

Darkness enfolded the unkind world, and distant stars appeared to cast their mellow light upon the scene below. Night passed, and long before the light of dawn kissed the snowy fields the last wolf of the preying pack slinked through the fringing forest.

Some days later the searching party from Five Forks reached the scene, but there was little left to tell the tale save Jacob's gold.

Among the searchers, who stood silently with bared heads, was the unknown stranger and he was murmuring words unto himself:

Gold and glory cannot long endure,
Material as they are and so impure.
'Tis not the will of Him above,
Who teaches—love as thou art loved.

Sandy, Utah, R. D. No. 1

MADAM'S MOTTO

BY JOHN GARRETT O'BRIEN

Betty felt nervous and distracted. Her parents had succumbed to pneumonia when she was fourteen, leaving very little besides a sweet memory that she cherished. Then a rich aunt in New York had offered her a home and a brilliant future, if she would consider the stage as a career, but Betty had refused, choosing to work in a garment factory.

This she had done for a year. But a strike had been called, lasting for three weeks without any sign of settlement, and her money had nearly gone, although she had never been extravagant. It almost looked as if she would have to accept her aunt's offer, as she was unable to find other work.

Suddenly she smiled, remembering her best friend in Stilsboro, a Madam Gibson, who had a nice little bonnet shop. So she fluffed out her hair to a brighter radiance, put on her one best suit, and went to see her.

"Poor child!" cried her friend, smiling at a chic little hat she held in her delicate, blue-veined hands, before laying it aside. "You must stay to supper. My assistant has left me, so I'll be busy for a little. But," she added impressively, "don't be in a hurry—let us talk it over, at least. You see, your mother put you in the holy place of her heart, Betty, and stage life would seem to be like stabbing her in the back."

Betty sat listening at times; at others, watching her waiting on patrons. Then she helped her to arrange the table, and prepare a simple meal, after which they drew the blinds and sat by a steaming radiator for a little before talking. But Betty listened to every word, as Madam had frequently visited the factory at noon hours, and she belonged to her big Bible class.

"I can speak from experience about the stage," she said presently, "as I sang with my husband for two years. But I quickly tired of it, and opened my bonnet shop. Then I tried to persuade him to find some other calling, but the life had too great a hold on him. He died five years ago."

Betty took a deep breath; also the shapely hand near hers, for her friend sighed deeply. "There," she soothed, "don't tell me any more unless you wish." But her hostess smilingly continued, "it seems but yesterday that I kissed his cold lips, and cried myself to sleep. He was a good man; but not a Christian. Betty, you have a hard problem to face, because your aunt is persistent. But stage life has too many temptations—the applause, glamor, and general environ-

ment are too alluring for real peace of mind—they sear the conscience in time.

"I wouldn't have much rest if I thought you were an actress. I knew your mother, and I love my girls too well to let one of them become an actress without remonstrating!" Here she paused, heavy-eyed, her lips trembling—a hot tear splashing on Betty's hand who wound her young arms about her neck.

"I'm very silly," she murmured, "very silly!" said Betty. "You are not, you have a kind heart!" Then she sat silently watching her, her heart flooding with protective pity, for the woman was hardly thirty, though she was slightly gray. Her face was patrician, eyes large and gray like gray seas, her lips were sensitive though exquisitely formed, and her figure slim and symmetrical.

"I wonder what those little specks in each eye mean?" she mused, speculatively, feeling happy as she gazed at her calm expression. Then she forgot her own misery, for a yearning to befriend her surged into her mind, till her heart was filled with a longing to be of service.

"I wish she would let me work for her!" she speculated. And as if divining her thoughts, Madam took her to see a cozy little bedroom adjoining her's. "Betty, I'll be delighted to have you," she said slowly, "but I can only afford to pay you ten dollars a week with room and your meals."

Betty hugged her arm. "Oh, Madam, may I really live with you—really?" Then, when her hostess smiled assent, "Why not give me less,—say seven? The most I ever made at the factory was twelve, and I had to pay for everything."

"Ten, my dear, and fifteen, when you learn to trim hats!" insisted her smiling companion. "But," sweetly serious, "are you sure you won't be lonely? I seldom go anywhere except to meeting, and you and Diana will be my only companions."

Diana, a lovely Persian cat, tabby, and with long fur rubbed against their skirts at that moment, purring joyously. "Oh, Madam, I want no one else!" she jubilated, receiving such a hearty welcome that she moved her few possessions into her room next day.

And then it was that she began to learn the mysteries of how to trim hats, and wait on customers, listening to everything that Madam had to say; and even offering suggestions before many months as she had a sense of her own about colors harmonizing, and originality of designs.

Betty took a delight in her work, tried to remember names and faces, and imitated Madam in courteously inviting patrons to call again, even if they did not buy the first time. The Easter rush had a charm of its own. She liked the long hours as it seemed like a fairyland of enchantment waiting on the fashionably gowned ladies

that called; though she liked the girls better, as they were easier to please.

Alas! it was over far too soon to suit her, and now came the long summer months when business was more or less dull. But always was there some new design, some dainty model, some attractive shape to keep the cash register tinkling. And the evenings were ideal to Betty, for Madame read the Bible, and told little mind stories that cheered her wonderfully, and helped her to forget that her aunt had disowned her.

A glorious September followed a torrid August. But Betty was feeling uneasy, for Madam's eyesight seemed to be failing. She always had used glasses to read, and now she wore them in the shop. Then, too, she often asked about various colors, blue and green in particular, telling the girl one evening that she had a cataract on each eye.

"Oh, you poor dear!" cried Betty, deciding to be eyes and ears for her in the future, and working harder than before to learn all she could. Often did Madam try to stop her, but the girl only laughed back, reminding her that she might have been an actress but for her; whereas, now she was learning a business that had a limitless future.

The kindly woman had also raised her salary to fifteen dollars a week though really not able to afford it. Betty had remonstrated, but without avail, as she could see by the books that her business was not as good as the previous year. So she had placed a reserve of one hundred and thirty dollars aside by the end of October, which came in useful, as Madam needed nearly that amount to pay cash for her Christmas goods.

"I'll pay you back," she said graciously, thanking her for lending it. "Indeed you will not!" cried Betty. "I have saved sixty besides, and I really owe it to you for having taught me so much instead of keeping me in the work-room." But her employer only smiled in her friendly way, before entering it as a loan in the books, plead as the girl would.

Alone one evening, Madam having gone to a meeting without her as she had a headache, Betty decided to write to her aunt to ask her to lend her money so that her friend could have the cataracts removed by a specialist. The pen seemed like a live thing in her fingers, as she explained how dear she was, how kindly—how the girls in her class loved her—what a pity it would be if she lost her eyesight—and promising her to repay in full, if it took her years to do so.

She ended with an appeal taken from the Bible that Madam had chosen as her life motto: "In as much as ye do it to one of these, ye do it unto me—" And this she mailed with a petition that it might be answered, trying to believe, though her aunt had only written to her once, ignoring the letter she sent every week.

A week passed, a month; no reply although Betty wrote reg-

ularly, inserting a little plea in each letter as Madam was getting worse. How the Christmas rush passed, the girl never knew, but it did, and nearly all of the hats were sold. Then the New Year came, and with the tinkling chimes Betty caught a sudden inspiration. She would go to New York to see her aunt—she must—it seemed as if some great power were sending her.

So she prayed about it, and was on the point of leaving when a tall man called, introduced himself as her aunt's lawyer, and after clearing his throat asked to see her in private.

Betty smiled, although he looked stern, his jaw aggressive, his eyes like cold sapphires. "I have no secrets from Madam," she hastened to say before introducing them. And then sat listening as if in a trance when he stated that her aunt had died from a sudden accident; that she had bequeathed her three thousand a year for life, which would be paid bi-annually in advance; and the rest of her fortune, nearly a million, her house and property if she decided to become an actress within a year—otherwise it would go to the next of kin.

Then he handed her a check for fifteen hundred dollars and his card, and told her that she would only have to acquaint him if she changed her mind, and he would see to the rest of it—

Here he stopped, for Betty broke in abruptly, though gently.

"Thanks, Sir, but I would not go on the stage for all the gold in America!" she said without a quiver, as she faced him. "Life is too short to devote even part of it to amusing people. I want to try to help others."

The prim legalist glanced at her pityingly, a slight frown creasing his forehead, as he added that she might change her mind in a year, and left after stating that Mrs. Rogers' funeral had already taken place, smiling for the first time, for Betty was crying.

Madam, her arms extended, came to the girl's side, and, twined in each other's embrace, Betty felt her sorrow leaving, her heart warming as her friend whispered little soothing words of comfort. "Do you really mean that you have decided not to go on the stage?" she asked, searching her intently with her soul-filled gray eyes.

"Of course! How can I when we read the Bible together? What is truth but enlightenment, dear?"

Madam's caressing arms tightened as she kissed her lips for the first time, sending a glowing warmth to Betty's heart as she returned it. And then an extraordinary thing happened, for the bell rang and in came the legalist, Mrs. Rogers, the girl's aunt with him, and a man with one of the kindest faces that the girl had ever seen.

"I received all your letters, Betty," she said quietly, loosening her fur coat, and advancing with outstretched hands. "Forgive me, but—" she gazed at her inquiringly—"but I wanted to see if there was anything to this Christianity that you write about!"

As if in a dream Betty returned her kiss, found herself listening to a celebrated cataract specialist saying that he would soon restore Madam's eyesight, try as she would to expostulate, and presently the men left, so they were alone with each other—not a vestige of hauteur in Mrs. Rogers' expression—only smiles and kindliness as they sat chatting.

"Oh, Aunt Agnes, you've made me very happy—very, very happy!" cried Betty, after seeing her to a hotel, as she handed her back the check.

"Inasmuch!" she answered dreamily. "Keep it, child. You can use it to buy a partnership with Madam Gibson—she wishes to make you so without payment—but I won't hear of such a thing—she has meant more to you and me than all my money!"

And Mrs. Rogers it was who vied with the nurses to help to cheer the kindly patient when she was recovering after the operation. She never seemed tired of reading though the light was dim. And she it was who sent such a variety of bewilderingly lovely hats, shapes, plumes, and various material when she was able to attend to her business again, that Madam's gray eyes—now clear and bright—sparkled in happy wonderment at it all.

Betty, her partner, often felt her heart too full to speak, for Madam was humming, the work-room full of efficient help—girls from her Bible class whom she could pay good salaries without fearing where the rent was coming from; for business was on a constant increase—and Mrs. Rogers kept writing long, cheery letters that rang with joy of her newly found Truth.

"Inasmuch—" she would answer when they wrote trying to expostulate every time she sent some package of wondrous creations. And before a year passed she came to live with them, having endowed a home for the blind where they could weave baskets and make flowers. Nor was she happy unless doing something unostentatiously for others.

"Betty," she would whisper in a low, happy undertone, "our Madam has a grand motto—" And Betty, her heart singing, would bow her head.

Chicago, Ill.

Radio Waves

It is jealousy to do and say a mean little thing in a mean little way.

The person without a sense of humor should adopt a calling that does not bring him into contact with his fellow man.

Friendship never yet authorized a person to say disagreeable things to his intimates. On the contrary the better acquainted you become with a person, the more necessary is tact and courtesy.

He who has found his work and is happy in it should ask for no other blessedness.

San Diego, Cal.

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF

MUCH CRY AND LITTLE WOOL

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

Among all men to be pitied is he who after some successful venture allows his head to swell and considers himself a superior being. As soon as a man reaches such a condition, becomes self-satisfied, the brake has been applied to his ambition, he makes no further progress in the world, because he is too much occupied in the pastime of self admiration. He is to be compared to an automobile laboring to top a steep hill with all the brakes set. No chance for him to utilize the power of the engine—his mind. He is wasting his time bragging about his accomplishments when he could be doing something really worth while by kicking off the fetter of self-conceit and getting out of the rut of self-contemplation. He is wasting his power, just the same as the engine laboring up the steep hill with brakes set, for the people he gets to listen to him go away undeceived. They know that he is handing them the "puff." It is a case of much cry and little wool.

A man, now in the public eye, William McFee, writer of virile stories of the sea and little known places of the world, thanks his fate that he met with rebuffs at the hands of various editors when he first thought he could write stories. For year after year he stormed the iron doors of their editorial sanctums until he had been tendered enough rejection slips to stuff a good-sized mattress. Had he met with success in those early days, he might have developed what he calls "Piffing Precocity." He might have felt satisfied with himself and settled down to turning out work of "Piffing Precocity." Being self-satisfied, the brake would have held him back and kept him from developing into a writer of stories that live. Sand, and the ability to know what was the matter with his work, keeping everlastingly at it, won for him in the end. He is still progressing and broadening out and is now lecturing to people who are glad to hear him talk, for in his words they hear no off color notes of conceit.

Let a man laboring in humility do good deeds to the very utmost of his ability, and in time his work will be like a great light upon the highest hill where it can never be hidden from the world. He, who in his conceit, tries to attract the attention of the world to come and praise the work he has done, and is satisfied with himself, soon finds that the light he has set going is shut off from the world by the rank growth of weeds called conceit. His light is extinguished by the breath of ridicule and the open sneers of the people he most desires to impress with his greatness. To quote Horace in a reverse manner: "All his swans are geese;" his mountains turn to mole hills and the gas has leaked out of his toy balloon. He is to be likened unto the fig

tree that withered. The good Book tells us that when Jesus and the twelve hungered and looked for food, they saw a fig tree that differed from the rest as it was in full leaf, though the season for fruit had not arrived. Now a fig tree puts forth its leaves after the fruit has formed, and this tree, although the other trees in the orchard were bare and gave no promise of fruit for some time, waved its limbs as if in boastful assertion of superiority. But when Jesus put forth his hand to pluck the fruit he found that the tree was a showy fruitless barren thing, destitute even of last year's fruit. Then the Master said to the tree:

"Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth forever." So it is with the showy conceited human being who waves his arms and calls the world's attention to his self-styled feats of wonder. He is blinded so much by his own importance that he withers himself as the fig tree was withered by the hand of Christ and is "henceforth and forever" as useless to himself and to humanity as the very tree that stood out in such a boastful way before the Master and his beloved Twelve.

Conceit is the stumbling block in the pathway of Progress. It makes a man or woman the laughing-stock of all their friends. It is the mill-stone around the neck of a struggling human in the deep water of opportunity. Remember the words of the great teacher: "The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down." (Isaiah 2:11). "Be not wise in your own conceit." (Rom. 12:16.)

Tobar, Nev.

How Wonderful Are Thy Works, Oh Lord!

Night Sounds

Do you think the forest silent, in the Summer's warm, dark night?
List the hoot of the owl, the timber wolf's howl,
Ten thousand beetles in flight.

The fox bark, the cry of bobcat—the frogs their voices raise;
And chirps the cricket, while from the thicket
The thrush trills forth sweet lays.

Forest Life

As dawn steals over the mountain, the mocking bird's full song
Swells sweet on the air of the glade so fair
To wake the woodland throng.

His mate in her nest in the oak tree, near the tiny, winding creek,
Protects from harm, and keeps so warm
Their little birdlings six.

The dell is a picture of beauty, among tall conifers there,
With sylvan bowers, green moss and flowers,
And grass waving everywhere.

The deer came down from the hillside to drink at the crystal stream,
 Where bright hued trout flash in and out
 The mossy stones between.

High in the blue, the eagle watches the life below,
 As the sun's bright ray dries the dew away,
 Where the gentians and violets grow.

The chipmunk and frisky squirrel, on the hollow pine trees limb,
 Scold the saucy jay, the wood-bird gray
 And the parrot all red and green.

The Warning

The sun ascends to its zenith; the song bird's voice is still;
 The turkey goes to yon thick grove;
 Wolf and deer seek the hill.

Oppressive the air and heavy, as clouds spread dark on high,—
 A fear doth fall, on great and small—
 Some dread event it nigh.

The bee ceased his buzzing; seeks the eagle yon crag so high,—
 Bird and brute alike are mute,—
 All save the frog's shrill cry.

Dark grow the clouds and darker; old bruin sniffs the air;
 The cunning fox hides in the rocks;
 The panther seeks his lair.

The Storm

A roar comes with the south wind, the sunlight turns to night,
 A blinding flash, swift raindrops dash,
 The Storm King rides in might.

The tempest breaks in fury! A hurricane doth blow!
 Then fast, on all, great hailstones fall,
 Causing death and woe.

Great trees are rent asunder; destruction fills the vale;
 Dark waters roar, deluges pour,
 In drifts heaps high the hail.

The young of partridge and turkey, of night hawk, sparrow and lark,
 Insects and mice, deprived of life,
 Float away on the torrent dark.

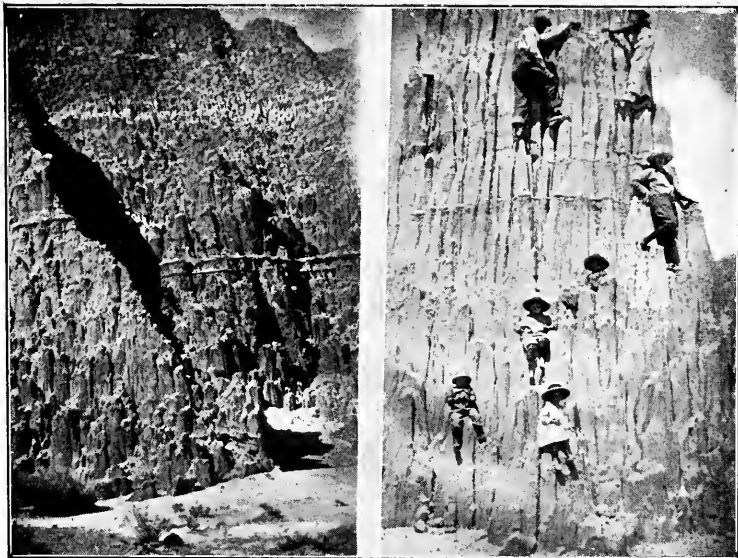
After the Storm

The storm passes on, its rumbling is dying fast away;
 The clouds fly north, the sun bursts forth
 And warms earth with its ray.

The mock bird shakes the rain drops, to his mate in the oak tree flies;
 Dead in the nest! Her faithful breast
 Their fledgelings keeps alive.

Ragged the forest and broken! Of leaves the shrubbery bare!
 In a tangled mass lie flowers and grass,
 Deep gutters washed here and there.

Where once smiled a picture of beauty reigns desolation today;
 Wise nature, leal, the wounds will heal,
 As years pass on their way.



Scenes in Cathedral Gulch, Nevada

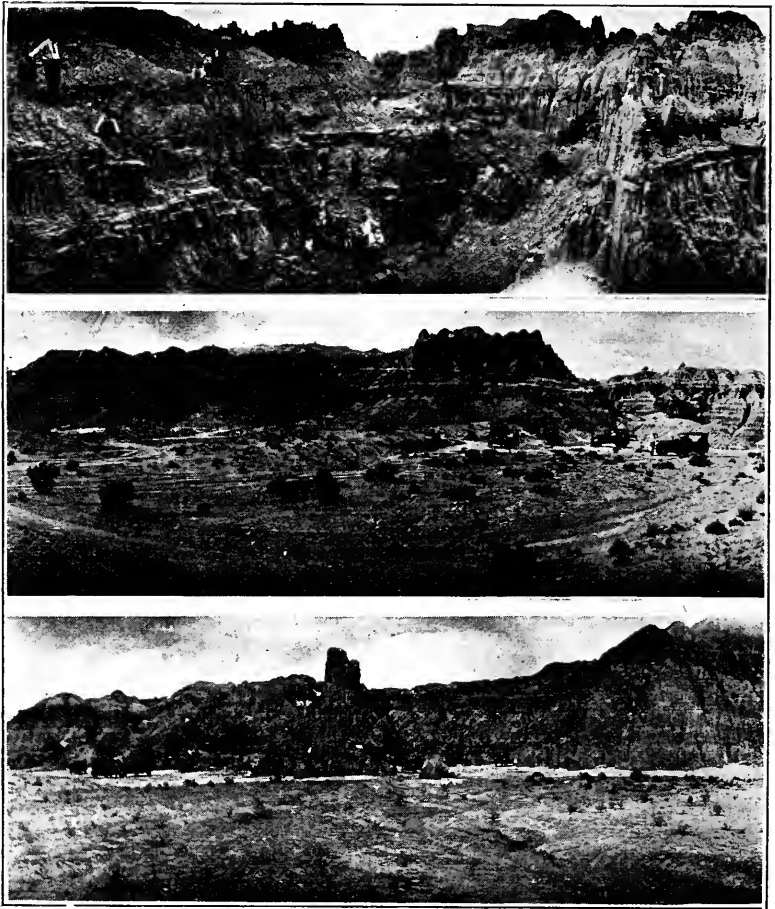
CATHEDRAL GULCH: A WESTERN WONDER SPOT

BY THOMAS L. MARTIN, PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Since President Harding, Dr. Henry Cowles, of the Brigham Young University Alpine Summer School, and many other noted persons have proclaimed the beauties of Bryce Canyon, and Southern Utah in general, these awe-inspiring natural wonders are becoming world renowned. Tourists from far and near are making special efforts to feast their eyes upon the color, and try to fathom the mysteries of nature, found in this region. Some of them are contented to stop their cars, get out for a few moments to glance around, and then rush onward to another locality marked in their guide books. In others, the deeper emotions are aroused at the sights, and they wish to see, and to feel, and to enjoy the region to the fullest.

To the latter class of nature lovers I would recommend a four-hour trip from the Southern Utah wonders to Cathedral Gulch in the eastern part of Nevada. Like most scenes which make the soul thrill, this Gulch, which is located about sixteen miles west of Caliente near the little town of Panaca, cannot easily be described in words. A master-painting must be seen to be appreciated.

To those who have seen the great cathedrals of Europe, with their myriads of spires, all symbolically pointing to the heavens, Cathedral Gulch may best be described by likening it to all the cathedrals



Scenes in Cathedral Gulch. Nevada

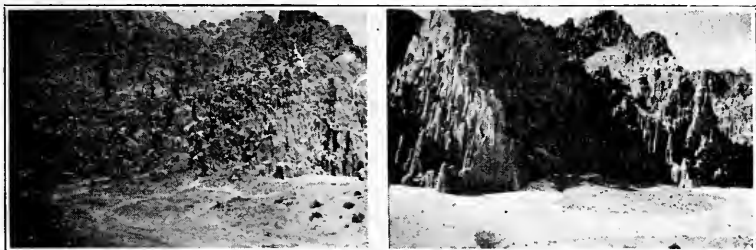
in the world, large and small, huddled together in a little gulch. But, instead of the spires being of a single color like those of a cathedral, the hand of nature has cleverly painted part of these natural ones in red and yellow hues, leaving just enough of them grey or a beautiful white to bring out forcefully the beauties of the colored ones. A closer view of these cathedral-like structures shows them to be made up of myriads of huge pencils of earthy materials some of which tower fully eighty feet into the air.

Just as in a dense city one finds scattered buildings on the outskirts, which are separated from the mass city, one finds, on the outskirts, in this fair city, isolated cathedrals of various designs. Two of them are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

In traveling up and down the two miles of this fairyland, numer-

ous caves of varying magnitude and interest are found. Many of them are not visible until curious footsteps lead one to seek the hidden mysteries of the cathedrals.

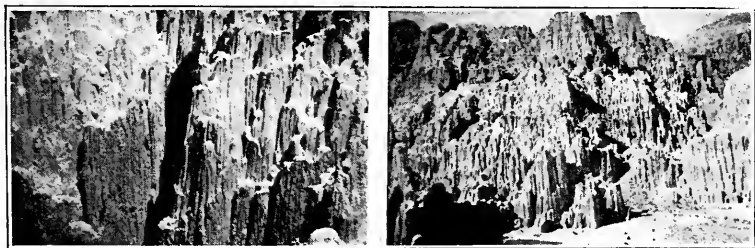
The effect which the valley has upon travelers is partially reflected in the names given to certain of the more prominent views.



Scenes in Cathedral Gulch, Nevada

One is called Celestial Tower; another, the Gates of Apollo; another, the Meeting Place of the Gods; and another, The Garden of the Fairies. Almost all the more plainly visible portions have equally fantastic names. Magnificence and mystery are written over everything, but it would be difficult for either artist or writer to convey the ideas impressed by the sights, to one who has not seen them.

Besides the poetic beauty of Cathedral Gulch, there is much to please the eye and stimulate the mind of the geologist or the soil scientist. To such a visitor the scene suggests a time when water was much more plentiful than at present. During hundreds of years in the far past, torrential rain-storms in the mountains to the north have



Scenes in Cathedral Gulch, Nevada

picked up the loose material and smoothly spread it out when the water reached the level land in the gulch. Coming from different formations in the mountains, the sediment, which consists of the flour-like soil mixed with a small amount of fine sand, the different layers of material are differently colored. Then, during more recent times, smaller floods have washed deep, wide valleys in the center of this table-land, exposing to view the various beautiful layers of this,

several hundred feet deep deposit. The fine soil was very easily washed away when once the gorge was cut through the valley, and the drizzling rains of recent times have carved out the weaker portions and left the fantastic pillars, the cathedral-like structures, the nature beauties of which the citizens of the town of Panaca are justly proud.

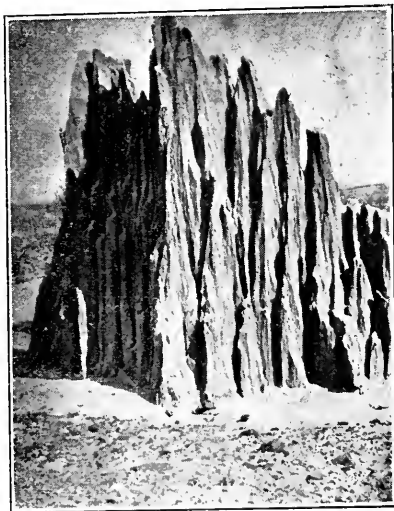
Like all great works of nature with their tendencies to stimulate a reverential attitude, the Cathedral Gulch does its part in this regard. When one is making his way among the pillars they somehow cause the eye to look reverentially toward the heavens. It is easy to image the loving care which the Creator exercised in carving this beautiful gulch; it is easy to think that he built it with the specific purpose or causing his children to forget the gross ways of the world and think of the One in heaven. Certain it is that no one with a spark of reverence in his soul will fail to think of God and his wonderful works when he sees and works his way through this garden of spires. A man is led to feel as George Matthew Adams did, when he contemplated the many God-wonders of nature:

"I have often walked over the tracks that the Creator of the world surely paced—through canyons deep and winding, with rushing streams kissing their sides and breathing like the music of a distant harp.

"Above, towering rocks of a thousand formations have talked to me of ages dead and gone, but alive again because of their suggestive tracks. Here a dizzy peak reaching hands to the sky; there a range of mountains, majestic, glorious, and hiding stories of a thousand trails.

"Surely in this world, here and now, are to be found the Footprints of the Almighty."

Provo, Utah



Scenes in Cathedral Gulch, Nevada

THE BANDIT OF THE YELLOWSTONE

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

When Cleo and Jean Despain arrived at the entrance to Yellowstone Park they felt like they had embarked on an adventure. The north wind blown in their faces and a glimpse of the silver sheen of the Madison river between the pines gleaming in the morning sun further carried out this impression, but when Joe Hull, typical westerner, was assigned to their coach, they were sure of it. With straight lips and bold eyes set in a face of bronze, he looked like a man who took what he wanted. A flannel shirt sat square on his lean, broad shoulders, and his corduroy trousers were tucked into elk-skin boots which were tied in a peculiar knot at the top.

Involuntarily Cleo found herself comparing him with her fiance, Ed Powell, who worked in the railroad office with her at home. Ed was anything but heroic. She was glad that she had tucked her ruby engagement ring into her boot. People were never interested in an engaged girl. Others assigned to their coach were Miss Cluff, a school teacher from the East, Mr. Dent, a little photographer, and the driver, nicknamed Kentucky, because he hailed from that state.

The girls were surprised at the pine trees (85 per cent of the Park is forest) and at the absence of life, for as no firearms are allowed in the Park they expected to see an abundance of game. Winter is the greatest enemy of life, and it reigns here ten months in the year. For the rest, things prey on one another. But fish are plentiful,—it is fisherman's paradise. In fact the yarn that won Jim Bridger the sobriquet of Baron Munchausen of the west can almost be verified. Trout caught in the Firehole river can be flopped into one of the boiling geysers along the edge and cooked.

The old scout, discoverer of the Great Salt Lake, was one of the first to tell of the wonders of the Yellowstone,—the earth that poured forth steam, the stone forest, the glass mountain, alum creek, that reduced a horse to a Shetland pony! Yet much of what he told was true. He neglected to say that the Glass mountain was black. He claimed he saw a deer through it, but the obsidian cliff was the armory of the Indians, where they manufactured their spear points and arrow heads. The first white men had to set it afire and melt it before they could chip a road around it.

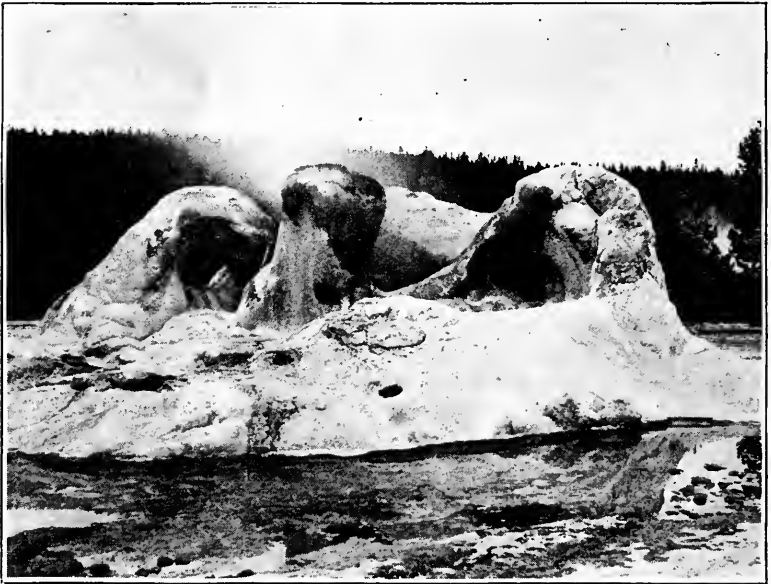
At the Norris geyser basin the travelers were regaled with breakfast. Afterwards the girls sat in the sun, at the back of the camp, and fed jelly-cake to the chipmunks that ran along the fallen logs.

During the long ride that day they were introduced to the

wonderful coloring of the Yellowstone, "land of the yellow rocks, as the Indians called it.

Mr. Dent, the photographer, deplored the fact that the camera could not catch this, and longed for the advance of color photography. He explained that the water of all this region, heated with underground fires, carries minerals in solution which colors the springs, the canyon and the terraces. The water is like the blood; where it flows is life, where it ceases is death. Or like Egypt and the Nile—beyond the life-giving water lies the desert.

The tourists saw the regurgitating "Paint pots" stewing their



Grotto Geyser

clay-like pigments. They witnessed the spraying of the Riverside geyser, gazed with awe at the somnolent Excelsior which only rouses itself once in several years to blow off the top of the earth's surface, were enveloped in the rose-colored aura of Prismatic Pool, and exclaimed at the iridescent beauty of Sunset Lake. At Biscuit basin, where they alighted to look at rock formations, the horses started up, throwing Miss Cluff against the wheel.

As they pulled into the geyser camp, which looked like Pittsburg of a smoky evening, Cleo shivered.

"I don't wonder that the Indians refused to stay here. Some of these fumes are like those of the nether regions." The geysers were

avoided as accursed by the bolder Indians, and only a cowardly tribe called the Sheepeaters sought refuge from their foes there.

The girls tiredly crawled into their camp beds and drowsed to sleep with the murmur of the pines and the roar of the geysers in their ears.

They awoke to the crackling of the camp stove and the singing of the tea kettle. Donning stout clothing they were ready to explore the country for they had a full day here. They drove in the



Riverside Geyser in Action

coaches to see the jewel springs: the Pearl, the Turquoise, the Beryle, the Sapphire, and the Emerald,—the most beautiful spring in the Park. The company guide had formerly been a minister, and he explained the marvels of the Yellowstone with awe in his voice. In one spring the girls saw the stairs of Mary, Queen of Scots, at the foot of which lurked the assassins waiting for Darnley. They were much diverted by the Handkerchief spring which does laundry work,—but alas,—it reduced a man's flannel shirt to a shrunken rag.

It took a woman's fancy to see, in the delicate spray of one geyser, her Fan, and in another the swirling Turban of a Turkish dervish. She fain would bathe in Beauty spring and nearby she found the Sponge. The Grotto suggests the fantastic formation of the sea, the Economic sucks back her water, Artimisia run away. The Lion roars every day before he plays, but the Lioness and Cub are more femininely uncertain in their habits.

That afternoon while Jean lay down after lunch Cleo wandered to the nearby geysers to take some pictures. Near the Giant she met the cowboy of the coach.

* "This geyser had part of its crater blown away when some tourists threw soap in it," he said. He showed her the battlemented Castle and explained how the cones are gradually built up by the mineral deposit of the water.

"Sometimes they get so high that the geyser commits suicide," said he, "and the water escapes somewhere else." So even the geysers are subject to the immutable laws of life and death.

They saw Jean running down the hillside.

"A bear was after me," she exclaimed breathlessly.

Mr. Hull laughed shortly. "They're all tame, hereabout. They come down to the hotel to feed off the garbage."

That evening, under the guidance of "Soap Box," one of the drivers, they walked a mile over to Old Faithful Inn. He warned them against stumbling into the hot pools, as a boy had recently scalded his limbs there. They found Old Faithful Inn a gigantic log cabin de luxe, with an immense rock fireplace, rustic balustrades, and tables decorated with wild flowers.

The searchlight played on Old Faithful geyser which erupts every hour on schedule time. "Soap box" told the girls that it throws out enough water in a day to supply a city of 300,000 inhabitants. He added that in the winter it rises 2,000 feet in the air and can be seen for a distance of ten miles.

The next morning before they started the Despain girls walked down to look into the gorgeous blue depths of the Morning Glory spring. Despite warnings as to the deleterious properties of the water, Jean insisted on tasting some which she found very hot. Joe Hull was not in the coach when they started out, Cleo noted dissappointedly.

That day they passed a lily pond set rakishly atop of the continental divide. Once a mild-eyed deer came and gazed at them out of the forest. Suddenly as they rounded a turn came a sharp command, "Stop!"

A man in a long overcoat, a bandanna over his face, stood by the road with his revolver leveled at them.

"I want your money," he ordered. When Mr. Dent tried to hide his pocket book the bandit seized it rudely, ripped it open and threw its securities into the brush. The driver's silver change, Cleo's fifteen



Old Faithful Inn and Geyser

dollars, the school teacher's purse, he dropped into a sack at his feet. When Cleo offered her watch, he said brusquely, "Don't want women's jewelry." Something in the tone of his voice made Cleo search for his eyes. She glanced at his feet. He wore elk-skin boots tied in a peculiar way!

He ordered them on. Kentucky whipped up his horses. They were glad to escape. During the remainder of the ride to the Thumb station Cleo was silent. She thought of Ed. Powell. He was not romantic, but he could be depended on. He was fond of her. After all, what good is a man to a woman if she cannot trust him?

On their arrival at the Thumb station on the shore of Lake Yellowstone, it developed that the highwayman had held up fifteen coachloads of people and had got away with about \$8,000.

Jean was feeling the ill effects of her mineral drink, so they decided to cross on the boat.

"If you had to taste the water, I don't see why you picked the most highly colored spring in the park," said Cleo petulantly.

After the diabolism of the geysers, the great lonely, misty, gray lake seemed infinitely restful. So did the quiet camp in the pine trees on its shores. They partook of the Lake trout for supper. While some danced to the music of a violin in a tiny hall hung with pine boughs, the girls sat around the camp-fire. The cavalry were already scouring the hills for the robber. These soldiers patrol

the park. In the winter they travel on skis over ten feet of snow. They are marooned in their cabins with the phonograph, which the Indian calls "canned white man," as their only company. Cleo wondered if the bandit would not slip quietly back among the tourists at Old Faithful and come with the next party.

The canyon, the climax of the trip, is approached through the Hayden valley. The green snake of the river has cut through the stone blended with all the colors of a Persian rug. The falls, twice as high as Niagara, plunge from a gigantic boulder. They are ermine-



Yellowstone Lake and Mt. Sheridan

robed, circled with emerald. The canyon, rose, gold, amethyst, and garnet is like an Oriental city of the Arabian Nights with its parapets and spires.

Jean, suspended on a rope, went down Uncle Tom's trail to the bottom of the falls. From here only can one realize their awfulness. Even assisted by the gallant Kentucky, she dropped her camera which plunged down to the tiny geyserets by the brink of the river. From Lookout Point the girls gazed dizzily down upon the eagles until their heads reeled.

When they left the next morning it was beginning to snow. All that oriental beauty was being covered with a white mantle and it was August!

The canyon is the climax, the terraces are the denouement of the trip. At the Mammoth hot springs the whole mountain pours forth in blue sulphur water which decks the terraces in dyes of Tyrian hue. At this western Olympus is the mighty Jupiter; flaunting Cleopatra in regal splendor; Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, gray and worn out; and, trimmed with delicate fretwork, the terrace of the Angels!

An officer rode up: "No, the highwayman has not been apprehended," said he.

Things Worth While

It doesn't matter if you're down and out,
Nor what your cares and worries are about,
Nor what experience, each day, betide,
But, did you look upon the brightest side?
That matters.

It matters not what place you're called to fill,
Nor where you live; if skies be mild or chill,
But do you strive to live there cheerfully?
Just say, "This place is best on earth for me."
It matters.

It matters not the task that you must do
Of brain or brawn. It matters not to you.
But if you set your mind and firmly vow
To do that work the best that you know how,
It matters.

It matters not whose lives you touch each day,
Or whether high, or whether lowly, they,
But oh, how well, if, when the day is done,
Each life has gained from having touched your own,
It matters.

It matters not so much that you are wise
In all the lore of books that people prize;
But, do you hold, at home, or far abroad,
A sweet and simple confidence in God?
That matters.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

The characteristics of a good missionary are: A man who has sociability—whose friendship is permanent and sparkling—who can ingratiate himself into the confidence and favor of men who are in darkness. This cannot be done off-hand. You must get acquainted with the man, learn him and gain his confidence and make him feel and know that your only desire is to do good to him and bless him; then you can tell him your message and give him the good things you have for him, kindly and lovingly. A missionary should have in himself the testimony of the Spirit of God, the witness of the Holy Ghost. If he has not this, he has nothing to give. Men are not converted by eloquence or oratory, they are convinced when they are satisfied that you have the truth and the Spirit of God.—President Joseph F. Smith.

A Live Conference in Fresno

Verna Lindquist writing the Fresno conference held at Fresno, California, May 10 and 11, reported a priesthood meeting Saturday morning, a Relief Society meeting on Saturday afternoon, and an M. I. A. session on Saturday evening, at which a very fine program was rendered. At the first general session of the conference held on Sunday morning it was estimated that the largest number of Latter-day Saints ever assembled in Fresno attended. A Mothers' Day program was given and while appropriate music was being played, two little girls gave a white carnation to each of the mothers present. A tribute to mother was given by Verna Lindquist, and President W. V. Denning sang, "Wonderful Mother of Mine," followed by remarks of President Joseph W. McMurrin in keeping with the occasion. Two sessions of the conference were held: in the afternoon at 2 o'clock and 7:30 in the evening, both of which were well attended and gospel subjects were ably expounded by the missionaries, who, on the following day, took up their labors in their various fields with added enthusiasm. The Fresno conference is reported to be in good condition.



Missionaries, top row, left to right: Elder Thompson, William R. Scott, J. Lyman Fawsen; second row, A. H. Tavoian, George M. Frodsham, Murry W. Pierce, N. K. Sherinian; third row, Arnold L. Jensen, George Z. Aposhian, Irene Willis, Verna Lindquist, Margaret Caldwell, Glen P. Vincent, Stephen A. Angus; Bottom row, W. V. Denning, president of the Sacramento conference; Lydia A.

Ekins, president of the Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Joseph G. Jeppson, superintendent of Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A.; Elmer N. Christoffersen, president of the Fresno conference; Joseph W. McMurrin, president of the California mission; Charlotte Stahr, president of the Relief Society; J. Dewey Solomon, president of the Los Angeles conference; Elsie Hogan, mission corresponding secretary.

Songs of Zion Appeal to the Public

Joseph W. Hoglund, writing from Goteborg, Sweden, May 24, reports that, while the elders are few in numbers, there being only four laboring in Gefle conference, where at one time there were over twenty, considerable progress is being made. "We find it difficult to present the gospel to the public with so few. Our music has appealed to the public and we have sixteen choir members in a branch of sixty-six to whom we are greatly indebted for their time and talents in singing the songs of Zion and who are doing much good in building up the cause of the Lord. We find the *Era* a source for keeping in contact with the missionary world."



Choir of Gefle branch, Gefle conference, Swedish mission: Back row, Oscar Sander, Salt Lake City and Vance O. Lind, Lynn, Utah. Front row, Joseph W. Hoglund, conductor and former branch president, now released and working in Goteborg conference. The others are local members.

The Music Lessons Appreciated

Samuel H. Hanks, writing from Hamburg, reports the progress of the Barmbeck branch, one of the five branches in Hamburg, which is keeping pace with all the others in the matter of baptism. The four missionaries in the picture have been in the branch since February and they have held a baptism each month. Six friends were baptised on February 24; seven on March 30; and three in April. "Several of the local Saints have been called by the mission president as home missionaries, and they work systematically during their spare time under the direction of the elders. All have entered into the work zealously, and are running the elders a close race for results in tracting and holding house meetings. The *Era* is used extensively in all our instruction work; especially at present are the lessons by the Church Music Committee appreciated, as the recent rendition by the combined Hamburg choir of "The Vision," and the present preparation work on "The Martyrs" has awakened an interest musically among our members and friends.

Really authentic information on the little technicalities on conducting is just what is needed in the several branches."



Missionaries left to right: Glen T. Blake, Samuel H. Hanks, Horace P. Beesley, all of Salt Lake City; and Russel B. Swenson of Pleasant Grove, Utah.

Many Favorable Opportunities

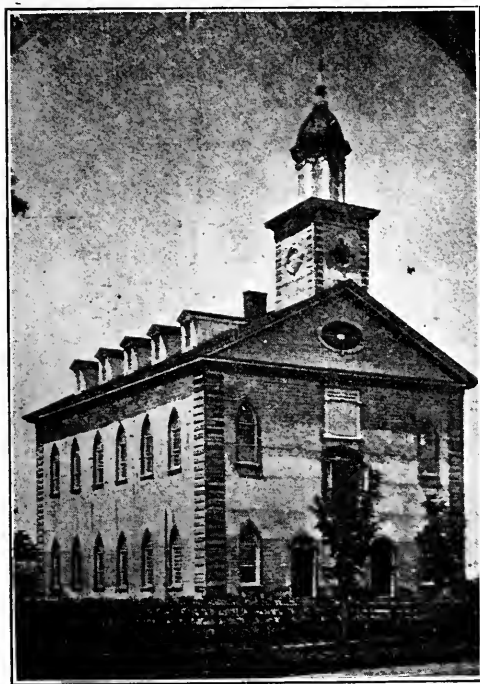
Elder Houston Hatch, Buffalo, New York, reports that the missionaries are meeting with success in that district. "We are having many opportunities to explain the gospel and there are more homes opened to us than we can arrange to call on. We have been having three and four street meetings a week and have distributed much literature and many small booklets, also some Books of Mormon. We are receiving excellent support from our Saints here, and we have a very fine Mutual organization and are doing likewise a good work through our Relief Society. We rejoice in our success as well as in the success of other missionaries in other fields, and our faith and prayers are for the growth of the work everywhere."



Missionaries, left to right, standing: James Delos Thompson, Garland, Utah; George M. Handy, Boise, Idaho. Sitting: Houston Hatch, Rochester conference president, Panguitch; Cecil Tebbs, Panguitch; Loa Christensen, Tremonton; and John L. Emmett, Ogden, Utah.

Detroit Saints Visit Kirtland Temple

A party of Latter-day Saints of the Detroit Branch, numbering forty-one representatives of the various Church organizations, including missionaries, left Detroit at an early hour on Memorial day enroute to Kirtland, Ohio, for the purpose of visiting the temple built there under direction of the Prophet Joseph, in 1833-1836. Eight automobiles carried the happy crowd, and by 5:30 the same day had covered the distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles to Dugway Hill, on the southern outskirt of the town of Willoughby, some three miles from Kirtland. Immediately under this hill lies a beautiful private camping ground owned by Mr. Louis Knieling, a kindly disposed old gentleman who is investigating the philosophy of "Mormonism."



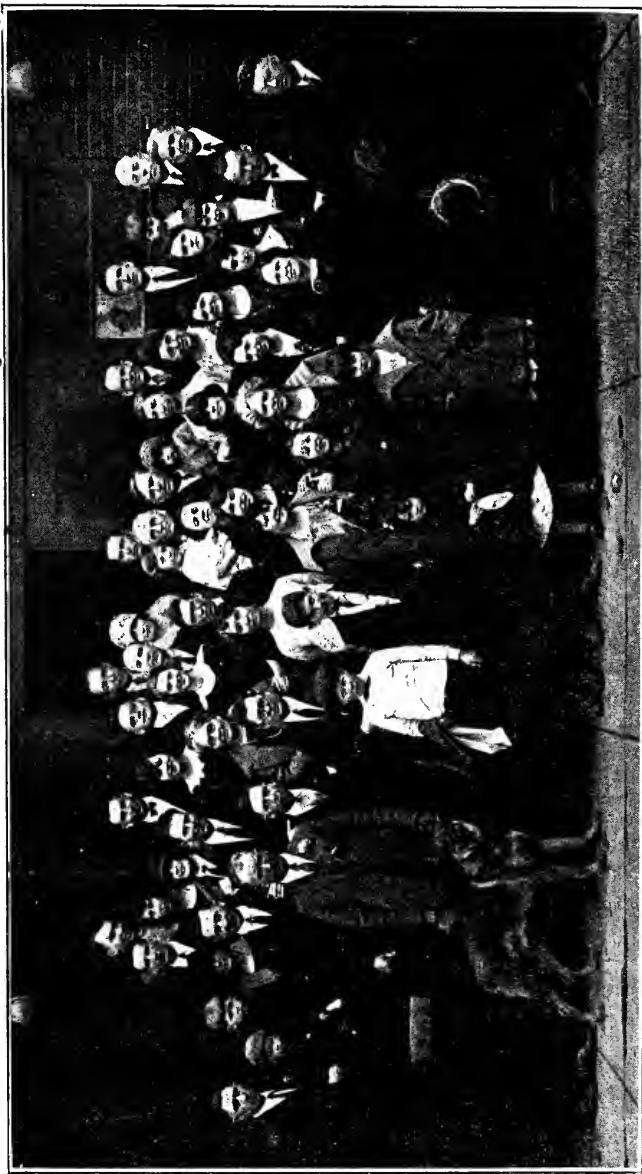
The Kirtland Temple

Mr. Knieling had previously volunteered the use of his camp to the Detroiters who lost no time in pitching their tents, and entering into the joyous activities incident to such an inspiring out-of-door environment. After refreshment, a huge camp fire was made around which the Saints gathered, and as they sang, "Come, come, ye Saints," how they "made the air with music ring, how they shouted praises to their God and King." And as they sang, "Now let us rejoice, in the day of salvation," how the blood of those sons and daughters of the pioneers thrilled anew with the visualized recollection and evidence of the faith and accomplishment of their fathers in this great country.

Presiding Elder Dean E. Hart, second row left in the picture, gave a resume of the history of the Kirtland Temple. All sang feelingly, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning."

after Mrs. Lucy Wright Snow had explained the conditions under which this hymn was composed by W. W. Phelps, printed on white satin by request of the prophet, and sung at the dedication of the temple on March 27, 1836. Souvenirs of the same hymn, printed on white satin ribbon were presented to the party by the Recreation Committee. [The *Era* has received several of these from Mrs. Snow. Thanks.] After benediction was pronounced, quiet settled over the camp, and all enjoyed a most refreshing sleep. By 9:00 a. m. next day they were on their way to Kirtland.

Through the efforts of Arthur E. Snow, who had previously become acquainted with the Presiding Elder of the Reorganized Church, the priv-



Members of the Detroit Branch, Representatives of the Presidency, Missionaries and Officers of each of the Auxiliary Organizations, who held services in the Kirtland temple.

ilege of holding a meeting in the temple was arranged for. This privilege was duly appreciated, it being perhaps the first meeting held in the temple by our people for more than eighty years. After being escorted through the building by the attendant in charge, an impressive service was held; Branch President Archie R. Alger, presided and conducted the meeting. Music appropriate to the occasion was sung, and Elder Dean E. Hart read the dedicatory prayer from section 109 of the Doctrine and Covenants. Arthur E. Snow, son of Erastus Snow, paid tribute to the early leaders of the Church and followed the organization of the Church from New York, in 1830, to Salt Lake City, in 1924.

After the meeting Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Petersen, Pedan Boyce, and Z. N. Skouson chaperoned the Mutual Improvement Association representatives and missionaries on a trip to Niagara, while the remaining members of the party returned to Detroit feeling more than repaid for their venture.—*Lucy Wright Snow, Royal Oak, Mich.*

Twenty-one Baptisms in Three Months

V. B. Millard, writing from Houston, Texas, June 11, reports that President S. O. Bennion of the Central States mission met with the South and West Texas conferences May 22 and 23. "Three spirited, well attended meetings were held. Reports of the elders showed good work accomplished. Twenty-one baptisms were reported for the past three months. On May 24 we enjoyed an excursion to Galveston and a swim in the Gulf of Mexico. During 1923 the elders of South Texas baptized fifty-one people. We are striving to make 1924 more prosperous. In one little village twelve converts were baptized in four months."



Elders left to right, back row: Theodore Collier, Vernal, Utah; William H. Allen, Pocatello, Idaho; Arden Ogden, McCornick; D. W. Morrill, Torrey; E. L. Christensen, Centerfield; F. O. Thompson, Enterprise, Utah. Middle row: C. M. Reber, Mesquite, Nevada; Almon G. Clegg, Heber City; S. R. Spencer, Escalante; A. E. Peterson, Redmond; Golden Haight, Cedar City; R. V. Beckstead, Sandy; L. P. Varley, Provo, Utah. Bottom row: N. O. Henrie, Panguitch, Utah, West Texas conference president; E. L. Erickson, Rexburg, Idaho; E. L. Dyer, local elder; S. O. Bennion, president Central States Mission; I. H. Taylor, Preston, Idaho, retiring president of South Texas conference; Vern B. Millard, Riverton, Utah, president South Texas conference.

From the Ruhr

Elder Eldred V. Robison, writing from the heart of the Ruhr occupation, Germany, sends this photo of the officers of the Essen Sunday School. "In spite of the disturbances, the elders and branch are making good progress, the Sunday School being a very important factor. The attendance this year exceeds that of last year by 100%, the attendance being now from 150 to 200, among whom are very many friends who can be depended upon. The Sunday School is thoroughly organized with a good, active body of teachers and children out of whom we hope to make staunch men and women—for the children of today are the men and women of tomorrow. Many people here are searching for the truth. Some have become very bitter and hardened owing to the war. Our members are ready to assist in every way possible. The picture is of our Sunday School officers and teachers taken May 11, 1924, at the Kolne conference. President Tadge of the Swiss-German Mission and President Wilcox, conference president, were in attendance."

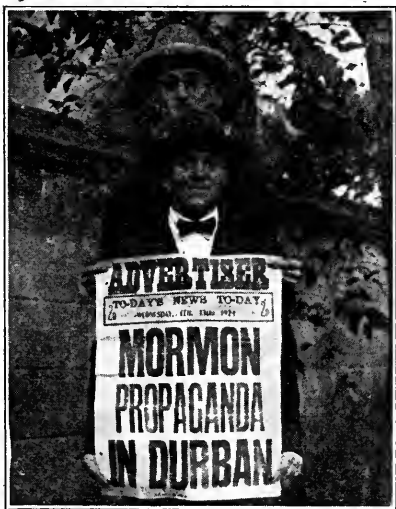


Missionaries are as follows: 1. President Fred Tadge, Swiss-German Mission. 2. Clyde H. Wilcox, conference president. 3. E. Neil Burton, branch president. 4. Eldred O. Robison, superintendent of Sunday Schools. 5. Wille Kunz, first counselor. 6. Johann Uhshan, second counselor.

"Mormonism" Receives Publicity

Elders Golden W. Harris, Clinton M. Black, and Wendell C. Sevy have labored assiduously for the past years to open up missionary activities in Natal, (the semi-tropical province of South Africa). Our labors created considerable interest, both among friend and foe,—several comments were received by the local papers, some of them warning the people against us. This resulted in the newspaper people sending their representatives to our room for an interview. The first who came was from "Reuter," (asso-

ciated press) and a friendly comment was sent to the South African Press, and quite generally published. The Representative of the Natal *Advertiser* called and questioned us closely, and after an hour and a half conference he



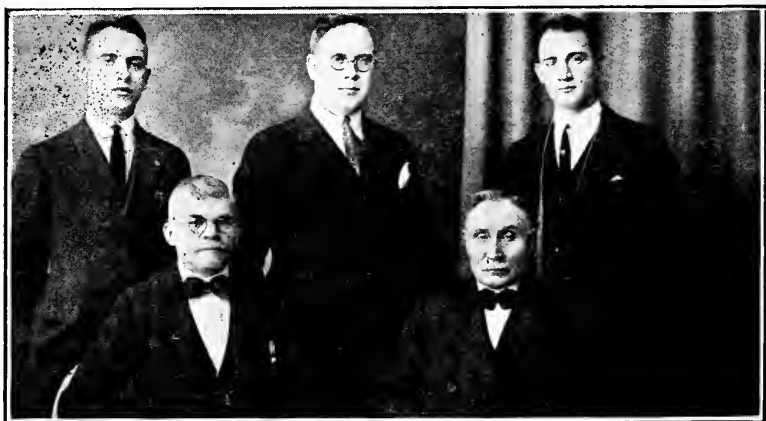
wrote a very fair and straight-forward article, which was given first page prominence in the mid-week issue. Placards with the selling headlines were pasted throughout the city and province, "MORMON PROPAGANDA IN DURBAN." The accompanying picture shows Conference President Golden W. Harris, and Elder Wendell C. Sevy standing behind one of these placards on main street in Durban. The article announced that "Mormon" elders would call three times at every home in Durban. The people were therefore anticipating our visit. Following this publicity, special effort was made by the elders to reach as many people as possible, and during the following month we sold 32 Books of Mormon, 28 small books, 265 pamphlets, and distributed 2,850 tracts.—
Elder Golden W. Harris.



Pueblo conference missionaries, left to right, bottom row: Grace Jones, Denver conference; Bessie Steinagel, Denver conference; John M. Knight, mission president; John T. Rawley, Mt. Home, Utah; J. L. Crowther, Malad, Idaho; N. O. May, Denver conference; A. B. Larson, conference president. Second row: Jennie Randall, mission stenographer; Estella Day, Preston Idaho; Alice Kirkham, Salt Lake City; Naomi Shumway, Bern, Idaho; Clare Middlemiss, Salt Lake City; N. C. Hansen, Boulder, Utah. Top row: G. L. Scott, I. J. Hanson, Salt Lake City; G. L. Anderson, Hyrum; E. T. Whitaker, Salt Lake City; Ira Harris, Preston Idaho.

Conditions in Sweden

Elder Henry C. Krantz, Gothenburg, Sweden, writing April 22, reports that the Swedish government is somewhat opposed to the Latter-day Saint missionaries entering that country in any great numbers, but a few have been permitted to come in from time to time. "There are four elders in our district. The people of the city were never more interested than at present. During our spring conference, held March 29-31, our meeting hall was crowded at every session and we have many investigators who give us great encouragement. Some opposition has been published through a local newspaper, agitating the necessity of driving out the 'Mormon' elders, but the agitation has only acted as an advertisement for our good, for many people come to investigate and they are always treated with courtesy and kindness. Rather than being discouraged we take consolation from the words of the Savior to his disciples of old: 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.' We greatly appreciate the *Era* and desire our loved ones at home to know that we are enjoying our missionary work and crave an interest in their faith and prayers to assist us in our calling."



Missionaries left to right, sitting: Hugo D. E. Peterson, president of Swedish mission; August Hedberg, conference president. Standing: Darcey U. Wright, Murray; Joseph W. Hoglund, Bountiful; Henry C. Krantz, Salt Lake City.

Bits of Philosophy

A golden heart is better than a silver tongue.

The smaller we are the more we talk about what we are.

Getting near to God is largely a matter of getting near to the ground.

You are just as strong as the total weight of the burdens you have borne.

Pleasure is a ripple on the surface of fancy; joy is the deep enduring glory of the soul.

In religious and moral teachings, an ounce of inspiration is better than a pound of erudition.

The surest mark of the big man is that he does not feel belittled when you call him by his littlest title.

Salt Lake City, Utah

NEPHI JENSEN,



Charles F. Coles

A VIOLIN SHOP

BY D. W. PARRATT

Charles F. Coles is a married man. He has two children, and yet we call him a "Utah boy." He was born in Salt Lake City about forty years ago and has lived in our capital city ever since.

For twenty years he has worked as salesman in a large department store, but finds this is not enough to keep his busy mind and hands occupied. He says we have too many men in our state who work only eight hours a day and loaf the remainder. During these idle hours their minds become "the devil's workshop," and in consequence their time is worse than wasted. This, however, is not the case with Mr. Coles. His hours of recreation are largely spent in the snug little shop built in the corner of his own home.

It is our pleasure to accept an invitation to visit his place. We soon locate it at 1206 Laird Avenue, Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Coles answers the door and smilingly bids us welcome. She directs us through the cottage to the little room in the southwest corner. Here we find Mr. Coles busily engaged testing the sounding qualities of an unvarnished violin upon which he is now working.

He lays the instrument aside and kindly places himself at our service. This is our first experience in a shop of this sort, so we have many questions to ask. We learn that Mr. Coles has been making

violins for a number of years and has supplied some of our foremost musicians with his instruments. He first became interested by visiting a neighbor violin maker. This man was from Sweden, and was a willing instructor to the inquisitive lad. He greatly encouraged young Coles and explained many of the problems of the delicate job. Coles pressed into the work and gradually acquired a working set of tools and a few books of instruction.

He soon learned, however, that books and tools were not enough. Besides these, it cost hours of patient practice and piles of wasted material before satisfactory results were obtained. "There is no excellency without labor," and "the price of perfection is steadfast toil."

We see a few pieces of rough, sawed wood, piled on the shelf under the work-bench, and wonder what they are for. Each piece is about sixteen inches long and eight inches wide. It is nigh one and one-half inches thick on one edge and thins out to about half that thickness on the other. And we notice a saw has been run partly through it, cutting the piece almost into flat halves. We see some of these pieces are of maple and some are of spruce, and learn that they are stock material for the fronts and backs of violins. They are cut to these sizes and down the centers, so as to allow for the very best seasoning possible.

Mr. Coles explains that these pieces, both maple and spruce, were imported by him from distant Italy. He says it is quite impossible to purchase woods properly seasoned and of necessary quality in our country, and, therefore, the need of shipping from abroad.

While talking of this, our host shows us a piece of Utah spruce. He explains that it is from a short log taken from the old Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, at the time the place was undergoing some repairs, a few years ago. The log bore the name of George A. Smith, and proved to contain fine material for violins. In fact, Mr. Coles says he made three splendid instruments from it. One of these is now the cherished property of Professor James West, instructor of music in the Bingham High School.

Mr. Coles finishes sawing one of the stock pieces of spruce into halves. He then opens them like he would a book and places the thick edges together. He explains that by glueing the halves together in this position, he secures a built-up violin front with the seam down the center and the grain of one-half just like that of the other. After being thus glued, the rough piece is surfaced, marked for outline, and sawed to shape. Then with gauge and chisel it is carved to thickness with the concave and convex surfaces being only about one-eighth of an inch apart. The two "S"-like holes are cut near the center, and then with a sharp, delicate gauge, a narrow groove is cut all round the front, parallel to the outer edge. Into this groove very thin strips of ebony and white wood purfling are carefully fitted and glued, making the ornamental inlaid border, so commonly seen on

violins. Mr. Coles explains that after the glue is thoroughly dry, the front receives its final chisel-dressing and is then carefully rubbed with fine sandpaper. It is now ready for the base bar.

The base bar is made of the very choicest spruce. It is some ten or eleven inches long, and is glued lengthwise to the under side of the front, just inside of one of the "S"-shaped holes. It is about five-eighths of an inch wide in the middle and tapers towards the ends and is high on a quarter of an inch thick. Its main purpose is to strengthen against the downward pressure of the bridge, but must be so shaped and reduced as not to interfere with the vibrations of the front. This, our informant tells us, can be determined only by testing and experimenting in every case, because no two pieces of wood are exactly alike. They respond differently to sound vibration.

Our attention is now turned to the making of the back. We learn this is made in exactly the same way as is the front, except that maple is used in place of the spruce. Maple is not as good for resounding as is spruce, but is tough and gives strength to receive the stress made by the tightened strings. The maple used for this purpose must be of the choicest kind, offering the greatest possible resonance. The back, of course, is not provided with a base bar or "S" holes, but has the decoration of inlaid purfling.

Thin strips of high-grade maple are used for the sides. These permit of bending and also provide strength. We are interested in the bending and wonder how it is done. Mr. Coles readily shows us a home-made device used for this purpose. It is made of a wooden box about a foot long, half as wide, and four inches high. To the top is tacked an arched piece of galvanized iron, resembling the cover of a toy sheep-wagon. An iron pipe runs through the box near its top and projects some four inches beyond one end. A movable alcohol lamp is placed either below the pipe or under the iron cover. In making short bends the maple strip is dipped into water and then pressed slowly down over the heated pipe. The steam thus generated goes through the wood and allows it to bend without much danger of breaking. For longer bends the wet maple strips are pressed over the heated iron cover.

After being bent, the strips are placed into wooden molds, clamped in place and allowed to dry. This gives them the exact shape desired. Before they are removed, small corner strips of spruce are carefully fitted and securely glued to the inside where the strips meet, and when these are dried the molds are separated and the thin walls of the violin removed.

We examine one or two necks that are ready to be glued to violin bodies. We readily see they are of maple and finely carved. Mr. Coles offers the explanation that while these were hand carved by himself, most of the necks he uses are purchased ready made. By so

doing, we learn, he can save considerable time so as to give that much more to the proper attuning of the violin bodies.

When these various parts are ready, they are glued together. Only colorless glue, especially prepared for this sort of work, is used. It comes in dry form and is manufactured in Chicago. First the back is glued to the sides and clamped in position till dry. Then the top is glued and clamped. After this the neck is glued to the body, and then the fingerboard is secured to the neck.

Mr. Coles informs us the next step is making the sounding post. This is cylindrical in shape and made of the very best spruce. It is



The Violin Maker at Work in His Shop

usually about one-fourth inch in diameter and long enough to reach from the front to the back of the violin. It is put in through one of the "S"-holes and placed under one base of the bridge so as to carry the stringload through to the tough back of the violin. We have already seen that the base bar carries the load of the other bridge base, and now it is clear that the great pressure on the bridge due to tightening the violin strings is equally divided between front and back. In addition to giving strength, the sound post plays an important part in transmitting the vibrations from the front to the back, thereby setting both pieces of wood in resounding motion. The exact size, like that of the base bar can be determined only by testing and retesting after the strings are tightened. When the sound post is pushed into position,

the device for holding the lower ends of the strings is attached to the body and the keys are pushed into their holes. The bridge is then properly placed, and all is ready for the strings.

The strings are tightened slowly and carefully to test for weak places in material or construction. Finally, rosin is applied and the bow drawn. Mr. Coles says this is always an exciting experience, for in it is determined, to a marked extent, the success of the work. Usually the strings have to be undone and the front removed in order to make changes in the sound post or base bar. He says it is not at all unusual for him to thus take down and put together a half dozen times before he is satisfied with volume and quality of sound.

When the final assembly is made our workman cleans his instrument ready for varnish. In this he uses sandpaper of different grades, but makes the finishing rub with No. 0000. Only oil varnish of best grade is applied to the finished wood. From three to fifteen days are allowed for drying each coat, and from four to ten coats are given to every instrument. Upon inquiry, we learn that shellac, or other common wood fillers, cannot be used; because, in drying they make the wood rigid and thus prevent the necessary vibration to give resonance and volume to the modest sounds produced by the quivering violin strings.

Mr. Coles shows a number of violins brought in for repairs and explains that considerable of his spare time is given to this kind of work. He says, this, together with making new violins, keeps him pretty well "out of mischief." He is able to sell all he can make and has quite an extended range of customers. He shows us a list of people using his instruments, and we note it includes musicians as far east as Boston, and as far west as San Francisco. He also shows us a blue ribbon won at the Utah State Fair. This indicates he won first place in violin displays, and bears evidence of superior workmanship.

We certainly have had a profitable visit with Mr. Coles and extend hearty thanks for his time and instruction. We leave the place wishing that every boy and girl in Utah might follow Mr. Coles' example. Get onto a good "hobby horse," and ride it hard during leisure hours when not otherwise engaged in profitable work.

Salt Lake City, Utah

MUSIC

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison, with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

Cowper's Task.

THE VICTORY OF LOVE

BY HENRY NICOL ADAMSON

Rita finished off the last stitch in her embroidered work, and laid down her needle with a sigh of satisfaction.

"There, mother, it is finished, and before the year is over I hope all our troubles will be, too! And when we have our liberty we'll soon make our pile. Now I'm going to get your luncheon."

"Well, I'm sure you have worked hard enough, my dear, since you took that burden on your young shoulders," said Mrs. Southern plaintively. She was a delicate woman, with faded prettiness and a look of helplessness that had no counterpart in her strong, capable daughter's appearance. Rita was not pretty, but there was a vitality about her, a healthful out-of-door look that was very attractive. She had dark hair and eyes, but her one claim to real beauty was a lovely red color in her cheeks and lips that suggested roses at once to the observer—not blushing maiden blooms, but vivid, glowing, dark ones. She paused in her toast-making as she turned to answer her mother's last remark.

"It is nothing to the load poor father carried," she said. "I wish he had lived to see the debt paid off—as it will be."

"I wish you would take things a little easier in the mean while, my dearie," said her mother querulously. She herself was one of those who take life easily, and her daughter's strenuous attitude to it was almost a reproach. "You are working too hard, Rita. Don't overdo it, or you'll lose your looks. When did you last see Roth?"

There was a note of anxiety in the utterance of the last words.

"A week ago, mother," said Rita curtly.

"Here is your luncheon."

"A week ago?" repeated Mrs. Southern. "Take care, my dear, take care. Don't try his patience too much, or you will lose him."

"I can't help that," said Rita doggedly. "I won't get married till that debt is paid off, and I told him so. If he has not patience to wait—well, I can't help it, mother!"

Her voice rang with the determination that was written on her face. When the dishes were washed up she put on her hat and coat, and opened the bureau drawer, where she kept her locked cash-box.

"I'm going to Eastbridge," she said. "I'll just be in time before Olson's office is closed. But when it comes to the last installment I am going to George McConaughy myself, and I'll tell him what I think of him. He'll take back what he said about poor father," she added, a little vindictively.

"Oh, my dear, guard your tongue."

"Well, he had no right to say father was not an honest man,"

cried Rita hotly. "I'll make him rue it, hard as he is, and rocks on the road are not harder than he is."

It was with a glow of satisfaction that she emerged from the lawyer's hot, airless office an hour later, and set off home with a light step. It was a fine spring evening, and a full moon like a great lamp reflected the lace-like tracing of the branches on the hard road. A young man was crossing it, evidently on his way to Eastbridge.

"Why, Roth, is that you?" called Rita cheerfully. "Were you on your way to us? Well, here I am. You did not expect to see me here, did you?"

"Well, no—that is—no. I was not coming out your way to-night, Rita," faltered the young fellow, obviously taken aback and ill at ease.

It was not a lover-like greeting, and the girl was conscious of a vague uneasiness, like a chill mist on the sunshine of her happiness. She remembered her mother's words, but a dogged determination thrust all scruples away and a resolute pride upheld her.

Nothing must come in the way or impede her in her resolution to clear her father's name by the payment of the debt.

She remembered his poor bent shoulders and the broken spirit that looked out of his tired eyes before death set him free, and she needed no other goad to urge her on.

"But I'll come along a part of the road with you, Rita," said Roth, rather lamely, as if to atone for the luke-warmness of his first greeting.

"Thank you, no, Roth," said Rita briskly. "I am in a hurry, and will not take you out of your way."

She was hurt and angry and had little difficulty in cutting short his not too eager expostulations.

He was a fair, foppish lad, with effeminate good looks and no great strength of character. It must have been the attraction of opposites that drew him to the strong, dark girl who was his promised wife. It was with an odd, dull feeling of pain at her heart that she sat down to her needlework next morning.

"I saw Roth last night, mother," she said as she threaded her needle.

"Why did you not bring him in for a little while?" asked her mother reproachfully. "You should not give him the cold shoulder in the way you are doing. He won't stand much of that sort of thing. How much have we still to pay? I'm sure if you would tell Miss Clara she'd let you have the money for your sewing now instead of later on. What is the odds to her?"

"I'll not take a penny till her trousseau is finished and in her hands," said Rita firmly. She is to be married in March, and I promised to finish her things by the New Year. It was good of her to give me the job instead of handing it to some city shop."

"I think I ought to tell you," said her mother unheeding, "that I have heard it said that Roth is going a good deal with Elsie Morton. I did not like to say anything to you before, but—"

"Oh, well, if it's to be, it's to be," said Rita wearily. "I can't do more than I am doing, mother."

Again a chill mist seemed to darken the brightness of the day for her. Her needle was like lead in her fingers and her artist pride in her lovely work seemed to die away. It was a happy accident that had lifted her out of the dreary treadmill of village dressmaking and given her more lucrative and congenial work. Her extraordinary deftness with her needle, artistic eye, and real genius for her work brought into play qualities that had not hitherto been developed.

The debt was not paid off by the New Year. An illness of her mother's intervened, and Rita's time was taken up with nursing.

The snowdrops bloomed and the crocuses and the daffodils began to bud before the day came. It was a clear March evening, with a glowing western sky, and wintry cold. Rita had gone to pick the first daffodil, and see if there was a new-laid egg for her mother's supper, when the postman brought Clara Afton's letter, with its enclosed money order and grateful appreciation of Rita's needlecraft. There was another letter, too, in a sprawling, unlettered hand-writing that she had not seen of late. She tore it open and read it with an angry little laugh. Roth's wavering affections hastened to waver, and had settled on Elsie Morton, the grocer's daughter. He knew Rita would forgive him, and hoped she would remain his friend!

"Mother," she said, in cold, level tones, "I have a letter from Roth telling me he is going to marry Elsie Morton."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," wailed her mother, "I am heart sorry for you, that I am! Now, don't be grieving over him and making yourself ill. Oh, to think that this should happen to you, of all—"

"Never mind about me, mother," interposed Rita, with a scornful, little laugh. "I knew it would happen, and I'm not caring. Here's Miss Clara's letter with my money. I'm going to cash the order at once, then I'll away out to George McConaughy, as I said I would, when it came to the last installment. And I'll go to bed to-night the happiest woman in the land."

The cottage occupied by Mrs. Southern and her daughter was a good two miles from Eastbridge, and the nearest house was George McConaughy's lonely farm just over the hill. It was with a sense of angry triumph that she knocked at the door. The house-keeper opened it, a stout, unprepossessing woman, with black hair tightly strained back, and black eyes like dull boot buttons that stared rudely at the younger woman, who called at this untimely hour. "I want to see Mr. McConaughy on important business," said Rita, with cool civility and quite undismayed.

She was ushered into the room where the head of the house was

seated at a desk. He arose with a puzzled expression to meet the visitor. He was an old young man, with a thin, hard-featured face and a forbidding expression. There were furrows on his face not due to age, and the hair on his temples was beginning to turn grey.

Rita's trained eye took all this in at a glance, also the unlovely room, with its ashy fire in an ill-kept grate, its unventilated atmosphere, the not too clean window panes, all as offensive to her beauty-loving soul as the owner was.

"I have come to tell you, Mr. McConaughy, that my father's debt to you is now completely discharged."

"I am glad of that, Miss Southern," said McConaughy formally.

"Not more than I am. And now I'll thank you to take back all the hard, cruel, and wholly untrue things you have said about my father, Mr. McConaughy."

McConaughy, completely taken back, stared at her in dumb amazement, cudgelling his brain to remember what he could have said about foolish, inept James Southern, who had almost faded from his memory.

"I am sorry," he faltered. "But what did I say?"

"That he was not an honest man," flushed Rita. He was an unfortunate one, but an honest man never trod the earth."

"I don't think I ever said anything about your father's probity," said McConaughy, speaking in strange to say, gentler tones than his wont. "Your father was not a business man. He made mistakes."

"Well, he was the loser by that himself," said Rita passionately. "You have not lost, anyway, and if he was unbusinesslike, what of the people with stronger heads that let him make mistakes—to their own profit!"

"I am sorry," he said quietly, his gaze riveted by the glorious flush on the angry girl's face before him.

"Like a red, red rose," was the thought that involuntarily occurred to him, and he heard only the words of the old song, only half heeding the denunciations that his visitor continued to hurl at him.

"You may well be. He went to his grave with a broken heart. You deserve to suffer, as you made him suffer—and us into the bargain. Goodbye." She turned on her heel and left him.

In her heart she was a little ashamed of her vindictive words, he had taken them so gently.

George McConaughy reseated himself at his desk, and opened an old ledger. But he could not attend to his pages of figures. She had called him hard and cruel, had said that he, of all men, had made others suffer. He was a hard man, and deserved much of what was said of him, but he had been hardly dealt with, too. The part of the prodigal's brother is an ungracious one at all times, and he had played it to a family of thankless reprobates, himself the one upright member.

He alone had retrieved their disgraces, and been the support of a broken-hearted mother, who had not listened to his ultimate triumph over destiny.

Since then he had accumulated land and wealth, and in the process had become self-righteous, and encased himself in the armor that had gained him the name of a hard man. But that he had ever made any one suffer had never once entered his mind in the remotest degree. His hands were unsteady, and the figures danced before his eyes as he tried to balance his columns. And in the dusty ledgers of his memory there awoke and stirred all sorts of dreams that quickened into life, and obliterated the arithmetical symbols before him, gardens of roses, sunlit blue seas, with flashes of white wings, dancing figures—all sorts of dream pictures from his long lost youth. In his ears rang the melody of the old love song.

* * * *

An ordeal awaited Rita next day when an unsuspected visitor appeared at the cottage—namely Elsie Morton, the girl who had supplanted her. She was a showy, pert young woman, very much aware of her own good looks, and with a manner that tended to be insolent, even when that was not intended. Rita was feeling tired and nervous after a sleepless night, for the reaction had brought weariness, depression, and tears. Her visitor's effrontery rendered her speechless with amazement.

"I've lost no time in coming, Rita, because you see we are to be married at once, and I want my dress as soon as you can have it ready. If it were any one but you I'd have thought twice, but I know you'll bear no ill will. It's not my fault—he would have me."

A cozy titter stopped her flow of words, while Rita hastily gathered herself together. Her love had died a slow, cruel death these last months, slain by neglect, unkindness, and a sense of her lover's weakness and inferiority. But that did not spare her a sense of humiliation and wounded pride. She tried to smother her inward resentment.

"But Elsie," she said involuntarily, "Don't you know I have no time for outside work now. It takes me all my time working for my immediate customers."

"Oh, yes, but then we are old school friends, and I thought you'd make an exception of my wedding dress."

"I'll make your dress for the reason you give; however, you must choose your own style, and tell me exactly what to do, and I'll do it with pleasure."

She smiled a little to herself when, later, she watched Miss Morton's departure in discomfiture from the garden path. Then the smile changed, and she flushed again like a rose, and her heart gave a bound. George McConaughy was passing down the road, with his steady, swinging gait. There was an appealing look in his glance,

as if he were pleading for forgiveness, and for the barriers of enmity to be broken down.

And as her old enemy, the object of her hate, went by, she felt that that enmity was in some unaccountable way dead. Somehow, the resentment about Miss Morton's wedding dress was forgotten, too.

"I don't think he is such a hard man after all, mother," she said to Mrs. Southern. "He took all I said in a good part, and seemed so sorry. Perhaps I misjudged him. Perhaps he never really meant to injure poor father. And I'm sorry for him. Money has not brought happiness. He looks lonely and uncared for."

In her abstraction, she hardly noticed her mother's white and wan appearance, which was becoming more marked every day.

It was two days later that Mrs. Southern was taken ill, with an attack so serious and so violent that her daughter's ready wit and presence of mind failed her. It was late in the evening, after they had gone to bed—a dark, moonless night. Afterwards, in calmer moments Rita wondered what wild impulse led her, in her panic, to seek help from George McConaughy. It was he in person who answered her knock, having sat up late at his books.

"Oh, Mr. McConaughy, I think mother is dying! Can you bring a doctor for her? Your motor will take you quicker than I can go—there is no time to be lost."

"With pleasure, Miss Southern," he said.

In a trice he had called up the housekeeper, and dispatched her to help Rita; while he drove into Eastbridge and brought the doctor.

It was a nightmare time that ensued.

In her panic and terror, Rita hardly realized the care and protection that were spent on her, from the moment the doctor decreed "an instant removal to a specialist's care."

It was not till the dread operation was over, and the patient convalescent, that she began to wonder whose hand it was that had made the way smooth, had contrived ways and means of transporting the invalid, had found comfortable quarters close to the nursing home for Rita herself, had surrounded mother and daughter with every care.

"How can I ever thank you for all you have done?" she said, when next they met. "And I have so misjudged you. How harsh, how rude I was to you that day!"

"I had amends to make," he said briefly.

Rita's heart gave a throb of something very like disappointment.

"Was that why?" she demanded, with sudden audacity.

"No," he said, looking at her steadily, "not the whole reason."

Then her glance dropped before the look in his eyes, and the lovely rose color suffused her face.

"When you color like that, you are the loveliest woman in the world, Rita," he said, as he took her into his arms. "You are like a red, red rose."

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Choristers' Manual—Lesson IX—Interpretation

(Continued)

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

Another important factor in the expressive performance of music is the loudness and softness of tone, which is designated by the technical term "dynamics." The composer has a large part to do with this phase of expression, and in modern standard music indications by the composers are plainly given in the score, and yet a large part of the responsibility for proper dynamic contrast rests with conductor or performer, and certainly greater liberty is taken with dynamics than with tempo.

Much of the emotional effect of a composition is conveyed by the changes from "piano" to "forte" and *vice versa*, the development of "crescendo" and decrescendo," the use of accents on notes or chords, as well as the subtler shadings in the interpretation which are referred to as "dynamic nuances." "Crescendo" is one of the most powerful means at the disposal of the conductor or performer, and should be thoroughly understood, even though its use is varied. The safest rule to follow is to assume that "crescendo" means *increase*, and should not be thought of otherwise unless it is followed by one of the many qualifying expressions, which, if they are to be understood must be looked up in a dictionary. From this simple definition it is logical to infer that crescendo must *begin* with the degree of tone that is being employed in the passage in which the direction is found. For example, if the passage is being done softly the crescendo should begin softly and form an increase to the quantity of the passage; on the other hand, if the passage is loud, the crescendo will begin loud, and increase according to the length it is to be observed. This points out two misconceptions of the use of crescendo which are often heard. Some performers begin every crescendo loud, irrespective of the degree of loudness or softness of the passage; or soft in every instance, causing in either case an abruptness and variation in the interpretation which is illogical, and which destroys the emotional effect of the rendition. Then there is the common disposition to accelerate the tempo with every crescendo, and ritard it with every decrescendo, both being bad faults where it is not directed, or where the context does not warrant it. *Often the exact opposite in each case would prove much more effective.* The achievement of a perfect and consistent crescendo and decrescendo is greatly to be desired.

Following is a list, quite comprehensive, of the commonest terms used by composers to indicate dynamic effects:

pianississimo (ppp), pianissimo possible softly as possible

pianissimo (pp), superlative of piano—very softly

piano (p) softly

piu piano more softly

il piu piano most softly

piano assai very softly

mezzo piano (mp) moderately softly

forte (f) loudly

fortissimo (ff) very loudly—superlative of forte

fortississimo (fff) as loudly as possible

piu forte more loudly

il piu forte most loudly

il piu forte possible as loudly as possible

mezzo forte (mf) moderately loudly

forte-piano loudly followed immediately by softly

forzando, sforzando, (sf or sfz), forzato (fz), sforzato (sfz). These words indicate that a single note or chord is to be accented, the amount of stress depending upon the character of the passage.

Also the sign resembling a caret, on its side or pointing upward.

reinforzando (rinf), rinforzato (rfz), reinforced, a definite increase in power extending through a phrase or passage.

crescendo (cresc) gradually louder, indicated also by lines beginning at a point and gradually separating to indicate an increase in tone.

decrescendo (decrec), diminuendo (dim), gradually softer, indicated also by lines beginning some distance apart and running together to a point, the opposite to the above.

crescendo poco a poco, becoming louder little by little

crescendo subito, becoming louder immediately

crescendo molto, becoming much louder

crescendo all fortissimo, becoming louder until fortissimo has been reached

crescendo poi diminuendo, crescendo e diminuendo, gradually louder then gradually softer.

crescendo ed animando, gradually louder and faster

diminuendo al pianissimo, gradually softer until pianissimo has been reached

morendo, perdendosi, smorzando, calando, gradually dying away, softer and slower by small degrees

con amore with tenderness

con bravura with boldness

con energia with energy

con espressione, espressivo with expression.

con brio with brilliancy

con fuoco with fire

con passione with passion

con grazia with grace

con tenerezza with tenderness

dolce gently (literally, sweetly)

gioioso humorously

gioioso joyously

conmaesta, maestoso majestically

pastorale in pastoral style

pomposo pompously

scherzando, scherzoso jokingly

sotto voce with subdued voice.

In his helpful book on conducting, Gehrkens presents some valuable suggestions on dynamics, some of which are given below. Those remarks about instruments are applicable also to vocal groups, so a study of them is recommended. Among other things he says:

"The pianissimo of choruses and orchestras is seldom soft enough. The extreme limit of soft tone is very effective in both choral and orchestral music, and most conductors seem to have no adequate notion of how soft the tone may be made in such passages. This is especially true of chorus music in the church service; and even the gospel singer, Sankey, is said to have found that the softest, rather than the loudest, singing was spiritually the most impressive.

"Pianissimo singing or playing does not imply a slower tempo, and in working with very soft passages the conductor must be constantly on guard lest the performers begin to 'drag.' If the same virile and spirited response is insisted upon in such places as is demanded in ordinary passages, the effect will be greatly improved, and the singing moreover will not nearly so likely fall from pitch.

"The most important voice from the standpoint of melody must in some way be made to stand out above the other parts. This may be done in two ways:

"1. By making the melody louder than the other parts.

"2. By subduing the other parts sufficiently to make the melody prominent by contrast.

"The second method is frequently the better of the two, and should more frequently be made use of in ensemble music than is now the case in amateur performances."

Again, he says:

"In polyphonic music containing imitative passages, the part having the subject must be louder than the rest, especially at its first entrance. * * * In vocal music the accent and crescendo marks provided by the composer are intended merely to indicate the proper pronunciation of some part of the text. Often, too, they assist in the declamation of the text by indicating the climax of the phrase, i. e., the point of greatest emphasis. The dynamic directions provided by the composers are intended to indicate only the broader and more obvious effects, and it will be necessary for the performer to introduce many changes not indicated in the score. [This is important, but must not be abused!] All expression signs are relative, never absolute, and piano, crescendo, sforzando, etc., are not intended to convey to with regard to this point that dynamic effects are so frequently overdone by amateurs, both conductors and performers seeming to imagine that every time the word crescendo occurs the performers are to blow or sing at the very top of their power; and that sforzando means a violent accent approaching the effect of a blast of dynamite, whether occurring in the midst of a vigorous, spirited movement, or in a tender lullaby."

On this point Berlioz says:

"Simple shadings become thick blurs, accents become passionate shrieks, The effects intended by the poor composer are quite distorted and coarsened, and the attempts of the conductors to be artistic, however honest they may be, remind one of the tenderness of the ass in the fable, who knocked his master down in trying to caress him."

A LATTER-DAY SAINT'S IDEA OF SUCCESS IN LIFE

BY ARTHUR MANWARING

Space and time are limitless.

All space is filled with matter and force, in some form.

Creation means association, organization, and systematization of that which is.

Even God cannot make something out of nothing.

During all the countless ages past there has always been parents and children, mortals and immortals, worlds and world systems.

We are infant Gods, learning to walk and talk divinity.

The eternal scheme of things seems to be that each individual has some one above him, up to whom he can look for advice, help and wisdom, but, ever and always one finds he can only acquire the right and power to climb by helping, serving, loving and teaching his fellows who are not so far advanced.

In other words, if one desires rewards and blessings for himself and his, then, this selfish desire can only be realized by being utterly unselfish.

To be successful, in any occupation, profession, hobby, or any division of the arts or sciences, or any field of endeavor whatsoever, the test is that one does so without hampering, depriving, crushing, or otherwise appropriating the earnings, strength, beauty, affection or happiness, of others to himself, but must, by sheer superior intelligence and wisdom, originate or generate by organization and association of things and forces about him, the things he desires, and enlist the assistance of his fellows by sharing his new found treasures with them, the while enjoying whatever it is their pleasure to share with him.

The purpose behind all creation and effort is that man might have joy. Joy is a product or result of love and association.

Love is a very high regard and deep, sympathetic appreciation of things or attributes of very fine quality.

Joy is a sublime, conscious, realization of spiritual harmony, companionship, peace and good will; the vibrant thrill of soul comfort; the divine delight of greater vision, greater power, stronger attraction and wider association.

He who catches the real idea and follows the great eternal scheme of things, along any line of activity, and rises above the average, who understands how to bestow his favors in such a way that the multitudes are willing and anxious to pay him for them, in the fashion and kind for which he longs, is, has been, and will be, successful in life.

Blackfoot, Idaho, R. D. No. 1

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA

BY CARL PINGREE TANNER

In view of the fact that we look forward to the time in our Church when those who have been able to live the so-called lesser law of tithing, will be entitled to graduation, and called to live a higher law or the United Order, it might be interesting to note the temporary success, and later failure of communities that have experimented with the idea of the United Order under the leadership of those who have been inspired with the idea of social reform, but lacked divine revelation, and the power of the Priesthood to assist them in their efforts.

It may be interesting to know that no less than 150 communities or Brotherhoods, having a semblance of the United Order, have existed in America. In some instances they have had their birth-place in Europe, and a number of the founders of these communities were born in the Old World. Most of them sprang into existence between the years 1840, and 1850, about the time of the martyrdom of the prophets Joseph and Hyrum. Of the thirty different colonies originating at this time as a result of the agitation for social reform by Charles Fourier, who hailed from France, fifteen of them were started in the year 1844, the year of the martyrdom. Most of them were short lived, however. One of the communities which endured the longest was located at Brook Farm. The poet Nathaniel Hawthorne was for a short time one of its members and in describing the ideals of the community in part, has this to say: "We sought our profit by mutual aid instead of wrestling it by the strong hand from the enemy, or filching it craftily from those less shrewd than ourselves, or winning it by selfish-competition with a neighbor. And as a basis of our institution we proposed to offer up the honest toil of our bodies, as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race."

The great writer, Horace Greeley saw the advantages of community life, and was an ardent supporter of the colonies founded under Fourier, both with his pen and means, and when one colony was

about to break up and disband because of a great loss sustained by fire, he offered them a loan of \$12,000 to help re-instate them.

Probably of all those who lived in the community life, not forgetting the Shakers and the Icarians, the followers of Jacob Hutter have had the most prolific growth. He was a martyr to his cause being burned at the stake in Innsbruck, Germany, in the year 1836, for heresy, but the ideals he strove for did not perish at his death. His followers lived for many years, in Germany, then southern Russia, from whence they came to South Dakota, in 1874, and from there they have branched out, a number of colonies coming to Alberta to avoid conscription during the last war in 1918, and located among the "Mormon" settlements. They are a good, honest, moral, people, having deep religious convictions, owning nothing individually, but all co-operatively. They do not describe their chattels and property as mine and thine, but "ours."

The writer visited one of their colonies during the fall of 1922, with the late Nephi Anderson, and others. Brother Anderson was much impressed with their mode of living, etc., and had he not been called to the other side so suddenly afterwards, his impressions concerning them would have found expression no doubt in some of the beautiful stories that often came from his gifted pen.

As the great "reformers," will be duly rewarded for clearing the pathway for the introduction of the gospel in this the last and greatest gospel dispensation, so will those characters receive their reward for fostering ideals which will yet be practiced by those belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and being accompanied by Divine authority, and power of the Priesthood, will further perpetuate the brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God, and bring about that state of peace and blessedness, that ancient seers have looked forward to, and poets, have written about.

"They had all things in common among them; therefore they were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift." (IV Nephi 1-3.)

Magrath, Canada

Japan Mission Closed

The Japan mission was closed temporarily, according to an announcement published June 12, by order of the First Presidency. Elder Hilton A. Robertson was authorized to release the elders in the mission. The mission was opened in 1901, when President Heber J. Grant, then a member of the council of apostles, and Elders Louis A. Kelsh, Horace S. Ensign and Alma O. Taylor arrived in the country. President Grant returned on September 27, 1903 having been honorably released. He was succeeded by Horace S. Ensign. The following elders have presided there: Alma O. Taylor, July 8, 1905 to Jan. 1, 1910; Elbert D. Thomas, 1910 to Oct. 25, 1912; Heber Grant Ivins, 1912 to Feb., 1915; Joseph Henry Stimpson, 1915 to March 1921; Lloyd O. Ivie, 1921 to July 28, 1923, and Hilton A. Robertson since that date to the close of the mission.

HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY DR. F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT
OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

3.—Bunsen

The average person is likely to be forgotten very soon after his death. The few who render unusual service to their fellow men may become more renowned as the years go by, and the greatness of their services becomes more evident. Robert Bunsen belongs in the latter class.

We remember Bunsen (German chemist, 1811-1899) because of a number of fundamental facts which he discovered. Practically every person in civilized countries is deriving benefits from his researches. Iron and steel are now used in thousands of ways in which they were too expensive to be practical a century ago. Bunsen was one of the investigators who pointed out ways for reducing the cost, and therefore bringing these valuable aids to man into more common use. He simplified chemistry by perfecting a method for easily analyzing any ordinary chemical. He discovered chemical elements which have become of considerable importance.

Bunsen was born in 1811, and by the time he was attending school the new science of chemistry was attracting much attention. Just as many boys of today become enthusiastic over the new science of radio, so he became very interested in the new facts of chemistry. Bunsen was not what might be called a brilliant student, but he was thorough. He studied long and hard to discover the deepest secrets of chemistry. By the time he had finished college he was a specialist, and in 1836 he began to teach chemistry in schools, and later in colleges.

Many teachers do not become interested enough in their work to inquire concerning the fulness of the truth they are teaching. They merely tell the students what the text book says. Bunsen was one of those exceptional ones who seek for every detail and look for missing facts. When his time was not fully needed with his classes, he utilized the spare moments to discover new properties of chemicals or new ways for analyzing them. His mind, like that of most great men, was always full of questions concerning the common things which ordinary men do not think worthy of consideration. New thoughts brought up in this way gave him ideas for experiments. He allowed his students to perform many of these experiments and they became so interested in chemistry that several of them afterwards became famous men. Pupils from all over the world came to study under Bunsen.

He nearly lost his life during one investigation. While experimenting with two of the most deadly poisons, arsenic and cyanide, an explosion of the tube containing the chemicals blinded him in one

eye and the deadly fumes caused an illness from which at first it was not thought he would recover.

In spite of this accident, he was soon back in the laboratory working as enthusiastically as ever. He discovered methods for determining the elements of which a gas is composed. Chemists had long been looking for just such a method and its value was immediately recognized. After analyzing the gasses from steel furnaces Bunsen pointed out the great waste of fuel and ways for correcting the losses. His analyses helped pave the way for the revolutionary process of steel making, devised by Bessemer in 1856.

Before Bunsen's time, gas could not be burned without a great loss of heat, and without causing foul smelling smoke, which made the laboratories very unpleasant. Knowing the chemistry of combustion he set about to make a perfect burner. The problem was to cause complete combustion of the gasses. Success in doing this depends upon the proper mixing before burning of the gas and air the same as in the carburetor of an automobile engine. The Bunsen burner which resulted from experiments in 1855 is found in practically every chemical laboratory of today. The same idea is used in the plumbers blow-torch and many other burners, as well as in many stoves and furnaces.

One of the greatest services which Bunsen rendered was in connection with what is called spectrum analyses. While he and Kirchoff were burning various substances in his newly discovered burner he noticed that the rays of light which came from each chemical element had a different property. If the light was passed through a narrow slit and then through a glass prism, dark bands would appear at certain places among the colors, if certain chemicals were present in the light. This device had been used a little by other experimenters, but its extensive use began with Bunsen. By watching the places where the dark bands appeared, he could tell which chemicals were being burned.

One day while he was analyzing some water he found bands in his spectroscope which corresponded to no known elements. He became curious to know what these mysterious elements were but could not tell because ordinary analyses were not sufficiently delicate. In order to concentrate the substance he evaporated between 3,000 and 4,000 buckets full of the water which contained it. He discovered two chemicals which had never been known before.

The spectroscope made possible the discovery of Helium, the gas now being used to fill the huge dirigible airships. It was known to exist in the gasses around the sun before it was found on earth. The spectroscope is also very useful in making chemical analyses of gases coming from such inaccessible places as the intensely heated iron and steel furnaces. It is by means of this device that we can tell what elements exist in the atmosphere of stars, billions of miles away from us, and to tell how fast these stars are moving.

Besides the noted things mentioned above Bunsen will long be remembered for many other discoveries of perhaps lesser importance. Scientific workers frequently learn that the experiments carried on by this man make clear facts which would otherwise need to be investigated before progress could come. His electric battery was the best made up to the time he invented it. By its means several discoveries, such as metallic magnesium (flash light powder), were made.

Bunsen was active even during his spare time. When he went on a vacation to Iceland, at one time, he became interested in geysers and hot springs found there. After studying the water a while he came to the conclusion, and proved by laboratory experiments, that geysers need not depend upon volcanoes for their action. The theory he advanced to supplant the volcanic one, is still taught in geology.

The story of Bunsen is important because it shows that if a person will train himself to remain at the task of discovering all the facts concerning a subject, he places himself in a position to render a great service. Bunsen was always seeking fundamental causes, and for this reason, he went to the bottom of things. Persistence coupled with a wide-awake mind will very likely lead to achievement. Many men have become famous not because of any unusual brilliance, but because they have the tenacity to stick with a difficult problem through almost overwhelming discouragements.

Provo, Utah.

The Road to Happiness

(Dr. Charles Barker's Five Rules)

Whate'er your experience, howe'er bad your plight,
Don't look at the dark side, but search for the bright.
Though clouds may be sombre, just pierce them, you'll find
That even the darkest with sunshine are lined.

Accept your position, endeavor to see
That the place you are in is the place you should be.
Meet every condition with courage and zest,
Believe, while you're in it, that place is your best.

Disdain not the labor allotted to you,
The task that's assigned is the work you should do,
Let your soul e'er be cheerful, your mind not depressed,
And your efforts, though toilsome, each one be your best.

Each hour of your life, as the world you go through,
Be ever alert for kind deeds you may do,
Give hope, cheer and comfort to others each day;
Your joys will increase if they're given away.

Though dreary and troublous, the pathway you trod,
Have faith as a child in your Father and God:
Approach him, be fearless, he's loving and mild,
Indeed, he's your Father, and you are his child.

Bingham Canyon, Utah

J. S. BINGHAM



In Zion Canyon

(See Opposite Page)

Top: View on the new \$10,000 West Rim trail being built up from the main canyon, Zion National Park. Looking up the canyon just behind Angel's Landing, christened "Scout Lookout," on June 15, 1924, on the occasion of the visit of the national officers, including Forest Ranger Harold Russell who was the guide on the occasion of the annual visit of the boy scouts of the Salt Lake Council to Zion National Park.

Center: Looking down Zion Canyon.

Bottom: Hip! Hip! Hooray! Dedication and naming of "Scout Lookout," acting Superintendent Walter Reusch has notified Scout Executive Oscar A. Kirkham that he sees no reason why the Boy Scouts of Utah should not have the honor of naming one of the many beautiful spots in the Park. "As soon as possible, I will secure a metal sign which will be in harmony with Park regulation signs."

Does Nature Speak to You?

Does the murmur of the brooklet
Whisper courage to your soul,
When your thorny path looks crooked,
And you fear you'll miss the goal?

When dis'pointment with obstructions
And misfortune make you sad,
Watch the river, how it functions;
When obstructed, it is glad.

Rain drops brighten up the sunbeams,
And they make the sky more blue,
And chastisement draws the heartstrings,
Making always hearts more true.

Watch the sunset and the sunrise,
How they beautify the earth,
How the birds with heart and voices
Ever fill the earth with mirth.

Take new courage from the mountain,
Ever towering far above;
Hark! the voice of nature shouting,
Ever praising God, in love!

Y. M. M. I. A. OFFICER SPANS THE CONTINENT IN ONE DAY

On Monday, June 24, 1924, Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, a native of Logan, Utah, grandson of Peter Maughan who first settled Cache Valley, 1856, spanned the North American continent in less than a day. The hazardous flight was his third attempt to fly from New York to San Francisco in a day. He left Mitchell Field, New York at 2:59 ½ a. m., (Eastern standard time,) halted briefly at five refueling stations, fought fatigue and constantly-recurring nausea the whole long distance and arrived at Crissy Field, San Francisco, at 9:47:15 p. m. (Pacific time), where he was received with cheering and an unparalleled ovation. He had crossed the continent in about 18 hours. He goes on record as the first man that has made the hazardous and gruelling flight in so short a time. He passed through about 150 miles of rain, 100 miles of fog and low-hanging clouds, and two-thirds of the way a heavy wind bucked him, and he met also a heavy cross wind, which is the most dangerous of all. He broke a casting on the way which was mended at Dayton, Ohio, delaying him one hour and a quarter for repairs. He had intended to go the distance from dawn to dusk, but the elements and not any mechanical device kept him from holding to his schedule. His average speed, according to his own statement, is estimated at about 140 miles an hour at times, and at other times 160. During the trip he held out well, but his stomach became sensitive from the high speed which he was traveling at a high altitude, and the strain upon his nerves was something terrific. He leaped over the Great Divide without mishap and landed at Salduro, Utah, at 5:20 Pacific time, ending his flight on Crissy Field, dedicated to Major Crissy who sacrificed his life for air service. On landing he was borne away to army headquarters amid a deafening ovation. During the dash he had been ill two or three dozen times. He ate nothing from the time he left New York until he reached San Francisco, but drank water at some of his landings. His machine was a 37-horse-power, single-seater, and he made the trip alone, being his own pilot, and arrived with his machine in perfect mechanical condition. He had made two previous attempts to span the continent, the first, July 19, 1923, when a small motor ailment midway across the country, forced him to abandon the flight. On the 29th of July the same year he tried again, but at Rock Springs, Wyoming, was forced down when an oil leak developed in the engine. In his successful trip which he completed in San Francisco, his first stop from Mitchell Field, New York, was at Dayton, Ohio, 575 miles. His second stop was at St. Joseph, Missouri, where he arrived at 10:52 a. m. (Central time),

570 miles from Dayton. His third stop was at North Platte, Nebraska, where he arrived at 1:34 p. m. (Central time). His next stop was at Cheyenne, Wyoming, 2:17 p. m. (Mountain time), where he was ill when he stepped from his plane and showed signs of strain, but expressed confidence that his flight would be successful. Leaving at 2:45 p. m., he leaped over the Great Divide, courageously facing the portion of his road which held the greatest peril to himself. He



Photograph by courtesy of the *Salt Lake Telegram*

Left to right: Mrs. P. W. Maughan, Lieutenant Russel Maughan, wife of the aviator, Miss Ruth Maughan, and Miss Marjorie Maughan, photographed during the aviator's recent visit to Salt Lake. Ruth Maughan and Marjorie Maughan are College students, and Mrs. Maughan is a resident of Logan.

arrived at Salduro, Utah, at 5:20 p. m. and finished, as stated, the last leg of the journey at Crissy Field, California.

Lieut. Maughan's father was Peter Maughan, for many years secretary of the Utah Agricultural College, where the Lieutenant was educated. He was trained in aviation after he entered the army in 1917. He became First Lieutenant in June, 1924. He went to the war with the 139th pursuit squadron and won the distinguished cross by accounting for four enemy planes in a single combat. He won the Pulitzer races at Detroit, in October, 1922, and has been stationed at McCook field, Dayton, Ohio, for a year and half. Formerly he

was stationed at Mather Field, Sacramento, and the Presidio, San Francisco.

Governor Charles R. Mabey, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs of Logan, and President Calvin Coolidge of the United States, wired congratulations to him on his epoch-making achievement in aviation. Congratulations from many other friends all over the nation were sent to him. Mrs. Maughan, his wife, who had come to Salt Lake City during the flight from Heber, Utah, said: "I feel that Lieut. Maughan was inspired to make the trip from love of service and a desire of progress, rather than from any ambition for personal glory. I think it is a real fine thing for America that he could do it, and I believe the achievement has paid. I am delighted to know that he is the man who has made the first successful flight of this kind. I think that he was the man fitted to make the flight." The citizens of Utah particularly, as a unit, join in congratulating him upon this wonderful achievement and are proud that a son of Utah through clean living and laudable ambition, was able to so distinguish himself.

In Salt Lake City, on his return east, he was received on July 1, by his mother, wife, and other relatives, and an enthusiastic crowd of admirers and well-wishers. At a banquet in his honor at Fort Douglas, he declared that the cross-the-country trip which now seemed a great achievement will, in a few years, be regarded as very commonplace. He left for Cheyenne the following day at 8:49 a. m.

The following interesting incident in connection with his return call, July 1, has been supplied at the request of the *Era*, by Elder Junius F. Wells:

"Wishing to call on Lieut. Maughan, and to congratulate him upon his wonderful flight, it was my good fortune to meet Lyman R. Martineau who had lived in Logan on the same block with the Maughans and had known Russel all his life. Together we called at the Hotel Utah and Elder Martineau introduced me to the famous aviator. I found him a delightful young man, having the manner of an army officer, without stiffness, upstanding, polite, very approachful and congenial. In saying to him that his home people rejoiced in his great success and were very proud of him, I added that it was largely because, in attaining high distinction, he was still just 'one of our boys.' He appeared pleased with this commendation. It was then suggested to him that it would be a gracious and appreciated courtesy if he could take a few minutes, though crowded for time, and call at the Church Office, to receive the congratulations of Presidents Penrose and Ivins, President Grant being absent. Upon being assured that they would be glad to see him, he readily assented to this and we proceeded to the Church Office, Mrs. Martineau going along with us. The Lieutenant's interview with Presidents Penrose and Ivins was necessarily brief, but quite cordial and mutually enjoyable.

Upon leaving them he shook hands with a number of employees of the office and, in the hallway, I mentioned the fact that, as original officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. which now numbers over 50,000 members and 10,000 boy scouts, we regarded him as our hero, our air-pilot, and pioneer aviator, whose example would in time be followed by many in carrying our message to the ends of the earth. I was surprised and charmed by his response. He put his great arms around me and said: 'I belong to the Mutual. I am first counselor in the association at San Antonio, Texas.' He seemed to be almost as proud of his connection with the associations as of his achievements in the air; an altogether, unaffected, genuine son and grandson of eminent Utah pioneers; a competent, brave soldier, having won distinction upon merit and deserving all the honors that are being heaped upon him."—A.

Let Me Be True

True to the faith, O let me be,
True to my living God,
Filling my heart with ecstasy,
Making my vision broad;
Feeding my soul with love divine,
Trusting him day by day,
Learning to know that he is mine,
What more could I ask or pray?

Mine when I wake in the dewy morn,
Mine when the sun shines bright,
Mine when my soul is sad and worn,
With sorrow's bitter night;
Safely he guides my trembling feet,
Over the tempter's snare,
Shelters me with his love so sweet,
Answers each faltering prayer.

True to the faith, O let me be,
Safe in his arms at last,
When trials and strife have all gone by,
And life itself has passed.
Then to the cross, O let me cling,
Where he gave his life for me,
Then, O his praises let me sing,
Blest Lamb of Calvary,

Editors' Table

Just a Word About the *Era*

With this number of the *Era* we present our subscribers with thirty-two extra pages, making a magazine of over 125 pages of reading matter. We have issued in this volume three such editions, February, May and August, and have thus practically given our readers one extra number, or 13 instead of 12 numbers, when we shall have issued the September and October numbers. We hope that our readers appreciate this addition and that they will do their share in helping us to continue these extra large numbers in the future, at least three times each year, and more if we are encouraged. This can be done by prompt and timely renewal of the subscriptions for the coming volume, beginning with the November issue.

We call attention to this matter from the fact that the Superintendency and General Board have ordered that all subscriptions beginning from now on, and with the new volume, shall be paid strictly in advance, \$2 for each subscription. This action is taken to save expenses and losses incurred in keeping accounts, and to avoid so much clerical work in the general office arising from the credit system, not to speak of the errors and misunderstandings that naturally come about where credit is extended. It has been thought by the Superintendency and management that to pay in advance will be more agreeable, both to the subscriber and to the office, and also save much annoyance and labor.

We believe that our subscribers will unitedly recognize the value of this change, and will be prompt in their renewals. The money must be paid where time is given, and it is just as easy to look ahead and arrange to have the amount ready before the expiration of the subscription, as to put the matter off and pay later. Annoyance and difficulties will thus be avoided, and we think a better feeling engendered. There are still about twelve weeks in which to provide for the cost of the next volume. A little saving during that time will enable one to pay his subscription for the next volume promptly before the expiration of his present subscription. We trust that our over 20,000 patrons will recognize the advantages in this proposed change and forward their renewals promptly before the end of this volume. If this is done the savings arising will be devoted to the enlargement and illustration of the magazine, to the benefit of the subscriber. Three weeks are required for adjustment of the lists, and new subscriptions reaching us by the middle of October will be in time for the first number of the new volume. Subscriptions may be sent

in at any time now, before the rush, and will be extended from the date of expiration. We promise every effort on our part to make the *Era* better than ever. We will aim to provide clean and interesting reading by the best writers obtainable, in the matter of doctrine, stories, history, descriptive articles, department information, poems and other literary productions. We hope to be able to give the subscriber just a little more than the full value for every cent he invests in subscribing for the *Improvement Era*.—A

Humor and Simplicity

Simplicity in the use of words, and a sense of humor, are great aids in literature as in life. Elder Orson F. Whitney has given us a touch of both, in his lively introductory composition in this number of the *Improvement Era*. Not satisfied with incidents he had already mentioned, he sends, by way of addendum, one more illustration which came too late to be included in the article, and is therefore given here, as follows:

"Three hungry travelers boarded a railroad train, took seats in the buffet car, and ordered breakfast. The colored waiter asked them what they would have. 'Ham and eggs and coffee,' ordered one. Said another: 'You may duplicate that for me.' The waiter, who happened to know what 'duplicate' meant, nodded amiably and turned to the remaining one of the trio. 'The same for me,' said that traveler, 'but eliminate the eggs.' This was a stumper for the son of Ham (not to say eggs). 'Wha-what did you say, suh?' he inquired. 'Eliminate the eggs,' repeated the giver of the order. 'Oh, yes, yes,' replied the waiter, unwilling to further expose his unfamiliarity with the big word thrown at him so unexpectedly. Back he went to the cook they put their woolly heads together, and presently the mystified waiter returned: 'Sorry, suh, but the cook's done broke his liminator, and he ain't had time to get a new one. Won't you have yo' eggs some other way?' "—A.

Y. M. M. I. A. Champions

Not to mention here the chief champion of all, to whom we have given a special article, Lieut. Russel L. Maughan, there are other Y. M. M. I. A. champions who have won honors in these United States, and are worthy of notice, and who are also further mentioned in the Mutual Work in this number of the *Improvement Era*, namely: Earl Merrill, champion High School orator of Arizona; Melvin Tol-

man Burke, national champion High School mile runner of Honeyville, Box Elder county, Utah; Harry Glancey, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, a Church member and one of the members of the American Olympic Swimming Team, who sailed for the great tournament in France on June 16 from New York. It is a pleasure to note the activities of our young people in various lines, and if we had the names of all who have this year achieved distinction in writing and speaking, invention, research and discovery, in agriculture, pedagogy, mechanics, the fine arts, the sciences and engineering, the champion list would be wonderfully enlarged, and be a great inspiration to those who are yet striving for place, advancement and recognition in every avenue of laudable activity. We are simple enough to believe that the clean life which the young people of the Latter-day Saints are enjoined to live has much to do with the success they gain in the various lines of accomplishment. The Word of Wisdom gives all who abide by its counsels, chance for both physical and intellectual progress. The promises of the Lord to those who live right and conform to its requirements are always fully verified:

"All Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow in their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint."—A

The Atheist's Confession

I denied God; then dreamed one solemn night,
 That some bright angel with the speed of sight
 Transported me aloof to orbs afar—
 From sun to sun we sped, from star to star,
 At Alpha-Centauri we stopped and paused.
 'Twas there that he explained the astral laws,
 Then on to Sirius, Vega and Pallas,
 Sped on through space to the great Hercules,
 Ten thousand light years we're now from our Sun.
 Amazed I saw our journey scarce begun,
 I saw how system into system runs—
 What other planets circle greater suns,
 In such precision that this frame of mine
 In shame bowed low before God's great design.
 Then I awoke, and saw how in vain pride,
 My soul had known what my lips had denied.

Los Angeles, Calif.

O. F. URSENBACH.

Mutual Work

Dates of Auxiliary Group Conventions for 1924

Held in Connection with the Regular Quarterly Conferences

<i>Dates</i>	<i>Stakes</i>
July 19-20	—Woodruff, Yellowstone.
July 26-27	—Curlew, Lost River, Raft River, Snowflake.
Aug. 2-3	—Lethbridge, Emery, St. Johns, Teton.
Aug. 5-6	—Alberta.
Aug. 9-10	—Bannock, Blaine, Shelley, South Sevier, Taylor, Wayne.
Aug. 16-17	—Big Horn, Blackfoot, Juab, Oneida.
Aug. 23-24	—Bear River, Idaho.
Aug. 30-31	—Bear Lake, Garfield, San Juan.
Sept. 2-3	—Panguitch, Young.
Sept. 6-7	—Kanab, San Luis.
Sept. 13-14	—Boise, Montpelier, Parowan, Twin Falls, Minidoka.
Sept. 20-21	—Duchesne, Millard, North Sanpete, St. George, Star Valley, Union.
Sept. 23-24	—Roosevelt.
Sept. 27-28	—Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, Hyrum, Morgan, Sevier, Uintah.
Oct. 11-12	—Beaver, Benson, Cassia, North Sevier, Tintic.
Oct. 18-19	—Summit, Tooele, Wasatch.
Oct. 25-26	—Maricopa.
Oct. 28-29	—Juarez.
Nov. 1-2	—St. Joseph.
Nov. 8-9	—Burley, Malad, Los Angeles.
Nov. 15-16	—Bingham.
Nov. 22-23	—Pocatello, Portneuf, Rigby, So. Sanpete.
Nov. 29-30	—Franklin, Gunnison, Moapa.

Separate conventions not connected with the conferences will be held in the following stakes, dates to be given later and with a separate program: Alpine, Box Elder, Cache, Cottonwood, Ensign, Granite, Grant, Jordan, Liberty, Logan, Mt. Ogden, Nebo, No. Davis, No. Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Pioneer, Salt Lake, So. Davis, Utah, Weber

Program of the Y. M. M. I. A. Meetings

AUXILIARY GROUP CONVENTIONS, 1924

Saturday, 10 a. m. to 12 Noon

Joint Meeting of Auxiliary Stake Board Workers with General Board Representatives the Stake Presidency, High Council, Alternatives, and Bishoprics Being Invited.

I. Song.

II. Prayer.

III. Demonstration—The Organization of Lesson Material (50 minutes) _____
 _____ Conducted by a General Representative,

IV. Stake Board Activities.

a. Union Meetings (10 minute address) _____ A General Representative
 1. Purpose. 2. Suggestive order of business.

b. Stake Board Visits (10 minute address) _____ A General Representative
 1. Purpose. 2. Methods.

V. Round Table Discussion of the Following Topics.

- a. Relation of Auxiliary Stake Boards to Stake and Ward Priesthood Authorities.
- b. Steps in the installation of a new administration.
- c. The effect of change of administration on Board membership.
- d. Duplication of offices.
- e. Teacher-Training.
- f. Recreation.
- g. Meetings of auxiliary executives.
- h. Contributions and collections.

VI. Benediction.

Saturday, 2 to 4 p. m.

Meeting of Joint M. I. A. Stake Boards. (From 2 to 3 p. m.)

- I. When and Where and the Order of Business for Joint Stake Board Meeting.
- II. Order of Business for Monthly M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting.
- III. Socializing the Stake Board.
- IV. The Personal Factor in M. I. A. Work.
- V. Weekly Meeting of Ward Officers.
- VI. Stake Workers' Opportunity for Social, Intellectual and Spiritual Growth.
(Each of these topics will be a five minute address by a stake board member)

Meeting of Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Board Members. (From 3 to 4 p. m.)

- I. Report on General and Stake Board Funds and Publications (5 minutes) Stake Board Member
- II. Report on Organization and Membership (5 minutes) Stake Board Member
- III. Proposed Plan of Supervision of Ward Work (10 minutes) Stake Superintendent
- IV. The Comparative Efficiency Report (5 minutes) Stake Board Member
- V. The Courses of Study for 1924-25 and the Y. M. M. I. A. Stake Executive Representative of General Board

Saturday, 4:15 to 5:30 p. m.

Separate Interview of the General Representatives with Their Respective Superintendencies or Presidents, Including Secretaries, of Stake Organizations.

Saturday Evening (Hour to be fixed by Stake Presidency)

Devoted to the Work of the Relief Society and M. I. A.; Relief Society and M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers to be Present.

- I. Ladies' Chorus Members of Relief Society
- II. The Relief Society Messages (a 30 minute demonstration)
 - a. Motherhood.
 - b. Conservation of Child.
 - c. Conservation of Family.
- III. Stake M. I. A. Song Assembly
- IV. M. I. A. Leisure Time Activities for Ward Social Center (a 30 minute demonstration)
- V. Recreation in the Home (a 30 minute demonstration)
- VI. Mixed Double Quartet Members of the M. I. A.
(The above program will be prepared by stake workers in accordance with plans that will be submitted by their respective General Boards)

Sunday, 10 a. m. to 12 Noon

Meeting of Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers

- I. The New Plan for Ward, Stake and General Board Funds and Distribution of Publications General Board Member

- II. The New Campaign for Membership General Board Member
- III. Presentation of Life Membership Pins General Board Member
- IV. Program for the Senior Department, Including M Men Stake Board Member
- V. Program for Junior Department, Including Boy Scouts Stake Board Member
- IV. Qualities which Make for Success in Y.M.M.I.A. Workers Stake Board Member
- VII. Three-Minute Testimonies (30 minutes) M. I. A. Workers

Sunday, 4 p. m.

Consultation of M. I. A. General Board Members with Stake Presidency, Bishoprics, Stake and Ward M. I. A. Executive Officers, and Members of Stake and Ward Committees on Recreation.

Sunday Evening (Hour to be fixed by Stake Presidency)

- I. Opening Chorus Boy Scouts
- II. Prayer Member of M Men
- III. Chorus Bee-Hive Girls
- IV. Scriptural Passage and Slogan The Assembly, Led by Stake Board Member
- V. Plan for Putting Slogan into Action (10 minute address) A Stake Worker
- VI. Instrumental Selection M. I. A. Group
- VII. The Slogan and the M. I. A. Work (10 minute address) The President of the Stake
- VIII. Quartet M Men or Gleaners
- IX. Addresses Members of General Boards
- X. Song, "Love at Home" The Assembly
- XI. Benediction

General meetings at which the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. are expected to be in attendance will be held under the direction of the stake presidency and regular conference assemblies on Sunday, 2 o'clock and in the evening.

M. I. A. Scout Jamboree, Hyrum



Victor Lindblad, scout executive of the Cache Valley Council, Boy Scouts or America, sends three pictures taken of troop activities during the scout jamboree held at Hyrum, Utah, M. I. A. field day of the Hyrum stake, May 10, 1924. Troop 23 of Hyrum, under the leadership of Scoutmasters James Wilson and James McBride, won the meet with a score of 860 points. The pictures show some of their most excellent work. This stake is doing good scout work, each troop being headed up with an unusually strong boys' man.

Small picture: Scout Wendell Allen and Wallace Liddle, winning friction fire contest, by 1 min. 30 sec., at the scout jamboree, M. I. A., field day, Hyrum, Utah, May 10, Troop 23, James Wilson, Scoutmaster.



Top: Part of the fire demonstration. Bottom: Scout float No. 23 which took first place at Hyrum M. I. A. Day.

Y. M. M. I. A. in Samoa

In the Samoan mission we have six Mutual Improvement Associations consisting of an enrollment of 164 seniors, 105 juniors, a total of 295; with 21 officers. The average attendance for the year ending May 31, has been 135 seniors, 87 juniors; a total of 243, with 43 average number of visitors present; 287 meetings were held, 12 conferences, and 40 joint meetings. It will be interesting to our people to know the names of these six associations which are branches of the Church, and the names of the elders presiding over them. Branches: Faleasi'u, Mapusaga, Matootua, Pago Pago, Pesaga and Sauniatu. Presidents: Lio, Sinapi, Afatasi, Pine, Elder M. G. Wag-

staff, and Jerome, in the order of associations named.

In sending the annual report, Mission President E. L. Butler remarks that the Samoan mission field is almost entirely a proselyting one: "We have not many established branches of sufficient membership to justify regular Mutual Improvement organizations. Instead, in most of the branches, we conduct a weekly Sunday evening preaching service and get more of an outside attendance than if we devoted the time of a fewer number to class work * * * The work of preaching the gospel here is being carried on efficiently by local and white workers."

Champion High School Orator, Arizona

Earl Merrill is the champion High School orator of Arizona, and represented his state in the semi-finals of the national contest held at Los Angeles, May 16, 1924. In this contest Earl was awarded third place among the



six contestants who represented eight western states. Don Tyler, who won first place in Los Angeles, won the first place in the grand final contest held at Washington D. C., on June 6. While in Los Angeles, Earl Merrill delivered his oration on "Alexander Hamilton and the Constitution," at the L. D. S. conference, Sunday afternoon, May 18. He has also delivered it before several of the prominent Rotary and Commercial Clubs of Arizona. He is a son of Orlando Merrill and Lucy Schwarz, is seventeen years old, and graduated from the Mesa Union High School, May 29 of this year.

He was president of the M Men of his ward 1923-24, and has always been a faithful worker in the Y. M. M. I. A. He won many honors in his school, being senior class president, student body president, and leader in literary, debating and oratorical work. He was graduated in May, 1923, from the L. D. S. Seminary of Mesa, and there delivered the valedictory address.

—Mrs. L. M. M.

National Champion High School Mile Runner



Melvin Tolman Burke, Honeyville, Utah

Mr. Burke is the champion mile runner of the United States. He won the high school championship in the mile race recently run in Chicago. Young Burke is a typical "Mormon" boy who pays his tithing, observes the Word of Wisdom, and is a genuine, obedient fellow. He is a life member of the M. I. A., and is secretary of the Honeyville ward, Box Elder stake. His winning is a good score for clean athletics and real manhood in track work.

—Ernest P. Horsley,
Brigham City, Utah.

Boise M. I. A. Day

In the *M. I. A. Bulletin* of Boise City, which was issued in its new dress consisting of attractive multigraph machine type, we find an account of the celebration of M. I. A. Day of that stake on Tuesday, June 17, which, it is declared, eclipsed any similar event ever attempted in the Boise stake. Cooperation by the stake boards and ward officers was a big factor. Fully 600 people attended the evening program and the Haangi, which was a Pacific Islander's demonstration of a feast, conducted by Mrs. Mary Bean, born and reared in New Zealand. She placed the meat and potatoes in the ground at 1 o'clock, and when removed at 7:15 p. m., the whole park was filled with delicious, savory roast beef odors. One hundred fifty pounds of meat and 200 pounds of potatoes were cooked as they were never cooked before. Elder O. M. Bates, formerly a missionary to Maori, spoke in that

language, opening the feast. Five hundred people enjoyed the great feast which will not soon be forgotten. It preceded immediately the evening program. Athletic contests were held, and at the close of the contests when the points were summed up, the standing of the associations was found to be: Nampa, 1st, 61 points; Boise, 2nd, 58; Emmett, 3rd, 25; Boise First, 4th, 11 points. There were races, including 50, 100, and 25 yard dashes for men and women; women's relay race and chariot race, tug o' war, besides a tournament of quoits in which Nampa won by a score 11 to 2. Four teams of two men each entered the contest. In the evening there was a big community program in which a pageant of eight episodes depicting the history of the American Indian from the time Lehi and his family landed in South America up to the time the "Mormon" missionaries presented to them the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This was presented outdoors under the giant elm trees and was given in narrative, pantomime and song, under direction of Charles B. Borup. The *Bulletin* pronounces it a mighty sermon.

Member of American Olympic Swimming Team

Elder Elton L. Taylor, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, reports the following in relation to one of the members of the American Olympic Swimming Team which left on Monday, June 16, from New York on the steamship *America*, for Paris: "Brother Harry Glancey, son of Jerome and Ester Glancey of Pittsburg, members of the Church, has recently been given an



honor which has perhaps come to no other Latter-day Saint boy here in the East. Harry is 19 years of age and at the recent tryout held at Indianapolis, Ind., he was successful in winning a place on the American Olympic Swimming Team and left with the other athletes who went to the great tournament on June 16 from New York. He expects to be gone until the middle of August when he will return to Cincinnati to take up the study of law. He attended the public schools in Pittsburg and later the Schenby High School where he won many honors in swimming. Recently he attended the Mercersburg Academy where President Coolidge's sons are attending. Harry was the scholastic champion of the United States for two years. He trained for the Olympic meet in Cincinnati under Coach Braninger and is a winner in many events and honors in swimming. He has a wonderful physique obtained from clean living and from a life that our Latter-day Saint boys lead, and hence, excel in various activities. He is the 220-meter National champion, and the Pittsburg branch is proud of their representative on the Olympic Team."

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White Indians are Welshmen. That is the opinion of Dr. J. Howard James, an anthropologist, as regards the white Indians found by Professor Richard O. Marsh, of the Smithsonian Institute, on a recent expedition into the interior of Panama. Tradition has it that a Welsh prince, Madoc, left the country, on account of disturbances, with three small vessels, and eventually landed in America in the year 1170. Here he lived for some years and then returned home to tell his friends about the new world. Soon a large following was gathered. With them he emigrated for the second time, and has never since been heard from. Professor Marsh has found his descendants, Dr. James thinks.

Passing Events

President and Mrs. Anthony W. Ivins, their daughter, Fulvia, and Dr. and Mrs. Richard R. Lyman left, July 7, for the Sandwich Islands, where they intend to inspect the sugar plantation at Laie.

LaFollette of Wisconsin was indorsed for the Presidency, by the Socialist convention at Cleveland, Ohio, July 8. He is also the candidate of the so-called "Progressives."

President Calvin Coolidge was nominated for the Presidency, June 12, by the Republican convention at Cleveland, Ohio, by the largest majority ever given a candidate by a Republican convention. The vote was: Coolidge, 1065; LaFollette, 34; Johnson, 10. Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, was nominated for the vice-presidency. Both are very strong candidates.

The reply of our government to Japan's protest against our immigration law is said to be friendly in tone, but firm. Secretary Hughes points out that the exclusion provision in no way trespasses upon any obligation of the United States. The reply was published simultaneously in Tokio and Washington, June 18.

President Millerand of France was forced to resign, June 11, by an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies. Gaston Doumergue was elected president, June 13, to succeed Millerand. M. Herriott, the new premier, selected a cabinet from the radical and socialist parties, and this new government is committed to a conciliatory policy towards Germany.

*Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes left for London, July 12, in company with 850 distinguished lawyers and their families, to attend the convention July 20. In addition to those on the *Berengaria*, another party of American lawyers, numbering 400, sailed July 12 from Quebec, 300 others on the *Laconia*, July 11, and 300 members of the association on the *Aquitania* July 10.*

A parachute leap in the dark was made on the evening of June 18 by Lieutenant John A. MacReady, at an altitude of 1800 feet, and the aviator landed without a scratch. His motor, it seems, went dead and started to fall. Then he loosened his safety belt and jumped. The parachute worked, and he reached the ground in safety. The plane crashed to the earth and caught fire. MacReady is thought to be the only person who has ever made a parachute leap at night.

*Frank G. Carpenter, the noted newspaper correspondent, died at Nanking, China, June 18, after a few days of illness. He was born at Mansfield, Ohio, May 8, 1855. In 1879 he began his literary career as legislative reporter for the *Cleveland Leader* at Columbus. Later he spent the greater part of his life as traveling correspondent for various publications. For many years he wrote a daily article, working as he traveled. He was also author of a number of books, several of them for children.*

*The first flight of the coast-to-coast mail service, July 1—traveling day and night—was a great success. The accomplishment of flying mail in the darkness is considered by aeronautic experts and postal officials directing the service as putting America far ahead of other nations, few of which, they say, have attempted the transportation of mail by airplane in daylight. A letter, mailed in New York, Tuesday, July 1, at 9:30 a. m., was received by the business manager of the *Deseret News* at 11 o'clock, Wednesday, July 2.*

H. A. C. Cummins, British representative in Mexico, was ordered to leave, June 15, because he is no longer considered "persona grata." He barricaded himself in the Mexican legation, having laid in supplies for several days. The Mexicans then surrounded his place of refuge, hoping to compel him to surrender after a while for lack of food. The Washington government has taken the matter up with a view of reconciliation. The charges against Mr. Cummins is that he has sent false reports to his government concerning conditions in Mexico and the Mexican government.

Nationwide agitation was in evidence in Japan, July 1, as a protest against the exclusion clause of the U. S. immigration law. Prayer meetings were held and the ancient deities were supplicated for aid and comfort in the present crisis. The diet passed resolutions of protest, placards were put up in public places, exhorting the people to hate everything American and to boycott American churches and missionary institutions. The American flag was hauled down from the flagpole of the embassy by some zealot whom the police later arrested. The government promptly expressed regret at the incident.

Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of President Coolidge, died at the Walter Reed hospital, Washington, D. C., July 7, of the effects of blood poisoning. He was born April 13, 1908, at Northampton, Mass., and went through the grade schools of that city. He was a good student, and is said to have had a remarkably sweet disposition. Everything human skill could suggest was done for him, but after days of hard struggle the end came. President and Mrs. Coolidge bore up bravely during the trying ordeal. Simple funeral services were held at the White House, and then the body was taken to Plymouth, Vermont, where it was interred in the family burial ground.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the War held its first session in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, June 23. Mme. Schumann-Heink rendered the Star Spangled Banner. Among the greetings that were read to the delegates was one from President Coolidge, who regretted his inability to be present. The commander, James A. McFarland, in his opening address took occasion to assure his audience: "We will continue to fight the pacifist organizations composed of long-haired men and short-haired women, such as make up the National League for Peace." The convention was largely attended and the members were highly pleased with their reception and treatment in Utah.

A destructive tornado swept the shore of Lake Erie between Cleveland, Ohio, and Sandusky, June 28, resulting in great loss of life and destruction of property. A large portion of Lorain was wrecked. The property loss there is estimated at \$30,000,000. At Sandusky, the loss is \$2,000,000. At Cleveland, Pittsburg, Mantua, and many other cities, the hurricane found its victims. The wind tearing along at the rate of 85 miles an hour, blew cars from the tracks, hurled automobiles to the curb, bent and twisted steel telegraph poles like wire; snapped off wooden poles at the ground and hurled them across streets and onto building roofs. A local contractor observed: "The best way for us to do is to take everything away from the wrecked sections and build from the ground up again. What is left is really beyond repair."

Joseph H. Richards died in Joseph City, Navajo county, Arizona, on the 3rd of July, at the age of 82. He was a native of Canada, and was brought as a baby by his parents to Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1842. With his parents he came west in 1852, and lived in Great Salt Lake City until 1859 when the family moved to Mendon, Utah. In 1876 he was sent to assist in settling the Little Colorado River, and was the first bishop of St. Joseph, Arizona (now Joseph City), when the ward was created in 1878. He later served as a

member of the stake presidency of the Snowflake stake for 20 years. He was once a county supervisor of Apache county, Arizona, and once treasurer of Navajo county. He was the last of those who were prominent in the Church leadership of the Little Colorado stake which was put out of existence thirty-seven years ago.

Elder Arnold H. Schulthess died, July 7, at his home in Salt Lake City, leaving his widow, Louise B. Schulthess, and ten children. He was born in Neukirch, Canton Thurgau, Switzerland, June 9, 1865. In 1879 he came to Utah and five years later filled a mission to his native land. On his return to Utah in 1886, he presided for 11 years over the German meetings of the Salt Lake stake, which comprised the whole of Salt Lake county. Responding to another missionary call, Mr. Schulthess had charge of the German mission from 1899 to 1901, doing splendid work. On the organization of Liberty stake in 1904 he was selected first counselor to President Hugh J. Cannon, serving in that capacity until sickness made it necessary to release him. February 22, 1918, he suffered a stroke of paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered.

Roland B. Ballantyne, a popular young business man of Ogden, passed away, June 25, in the Dee Hospital from the effects of an appendectomy, which, according to physicians, was performed after appendicitis had ravaged Mr. Ballantyne's system. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ballantyne, now residing in Long Beach, Calif. The father was leader of the Ogden tabernacle choir for many years and a well known Ogden resident. Roland Ballantyne, born in Ogden, September 6, 1891, was reared and educated there. He married Miss Ella O'Neill, who arrived from a trip to Alaska in time to talk with her husband before he passed away. They have two children, Betty, 5 years of age, and Richard, 3 years of age. He is survived by his parents, one brother, J. Earl Ballantyne, now living in New York, and Gladys Ballantyne Thomas, of Long Beach.

John W. Davis, a West Virginian, was nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic national convention in New York, July 9, after a long contest between McAdoo and Governor Al Smith, of New York. The nomination was accomplished on the 103rd ballot, which ended the most extended deadlock that ever existed in any large political convention in this country. No less than sixteen candidates were voted for, the principal ones being McAdoo, Smith, Davis and Underwood. The convention convened in Madison Square Garden, New York, June 25. Governor Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska was nominated for the vice-presidency on the first ballot. He is a brother of Wm. Jennings Bryan. Mr. Davis was the ambassador of the United States to Great Britain in 1918 and following years, and is described as an unusually brilliant statesman. He is a lawyer and has held many offices of importance.

Mrs. Maynetta Bagley King died Wednesday, June 11, in Washington, after an attack of influenza, which developed into pneumonia. She was the wife of Mr. Samuel A. King, a well known Salt Lake attorney, and a brother of U. S. Senator Wm. H. King. Mrs. King was on her way to Europe, where she intended to visit her son who is on a mission in Germany, and her daughter who is studying music and languages in Italy. She stopped over at Washington in order to spend a few days with Senator King's family, when she was taken ill. Her condition was not regarded as serious but she was removed to a hospital for better care. Her illness became complicated with pneumonia and late Tuesday night her case had taken on a serious aspect. Later that night she began to sink and the end came the following morning. Mrs. King was born in East Mill Creek, November 19, 1869, the daughter of the late Charles Stewart Bagley and Julia Hansen Bagley. She had studied at the Brigham Young University at Provo, the University of Utah, and the University of Michigan.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, AUGUST, 1924

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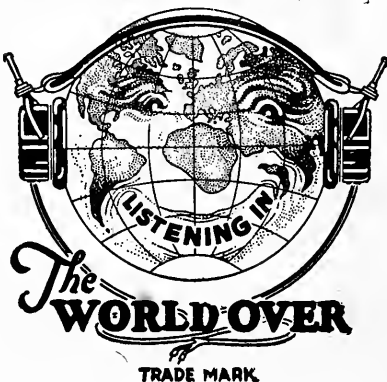
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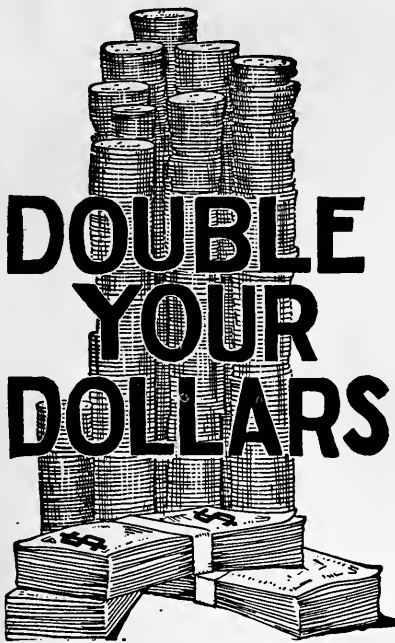
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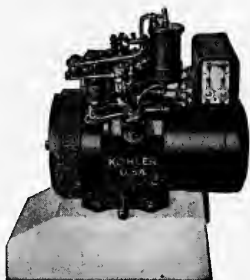
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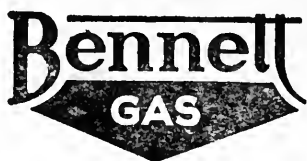
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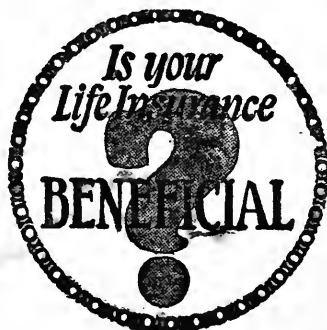
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